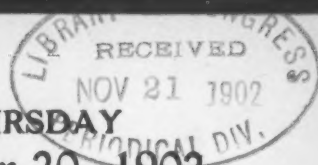


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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor



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THE November number of the *Valley Magazine*, which was issued on the 5th inst., presents a fine literary repast to fastidious readers. The list of contributors includes such well-known writers as John H. Raftery, Charles M. Kurtz, Edwin L. Sabin, T. K. Hedrick, Will A. Page, Frances Porcher, William Marion Reedy, Countess Annie de Montaigne and Francis A. House. The *Valley Magazine* may be bought at all news stands, at five cents a copy. The price of yearly subscription is fifty cents. So far as strength and originality of contents is concerned, it has no equal.

SOME SOCIAL HYPOCRISY

BY WILLIAM MARION REEDY.

THIS city of St. Louis, at present, is afflicted, in many ultra-respectable quarters, with a severe access of a particularly repulsive sort of hypocrisy, and every other city in the country where the details of the St. Louis boodling scandals are read is afflicted in the same way.

Edward Butler, for many years the city's greatest "boss," has been convicted of attempted bribery, and his punishment assessed at three years in the penitentiary, and all through the respectable elements of the community there runs a thrill of satisfaction that is accompanied by expressions of bitter condemnation of this man brought to his retribution in those years of his life in which he would naturally be entitled to his ease, to "honor, love, obedience, troops of friends." The papers blaze their indignation in editorials that are, to those familiar with the facts, as pharisaical as they are frenetic. Leading citizens profess disgust at the political and legislative methods of Mr. Butler and some of his friends, and they do so, even in the presence of those who know that the denunciators are the financial and social beneficiaries of the things that Butler and others have done.

How many of those who hold up their hands in holy horror at Butler's deeds now, can say that they are aghast at him and his works as at a new discovery? The mere fact of his indictment and conviction along with others is the only excuse for the present pose of too many men of light and leading in the community. They are horrified now, but before the publicity of the boodling scheme, they were glad to be taken in on any deal with which they knew him to be identified. They felt that anything that Butler was back of was a good thing. They rejoiced in his political practicality and his legislative legerdemain as valuable assets in many an enterprise in which they invested, and from which they drew dividends. They were glad to know that he could and would "protect their interests" in the municipal assembly, and they were wont to say that while, of course, they would not do it themselves, the thing that made Mr. Butler useful was a very necessary feature of business under existing conditions and could be excused, if not wholly justified. They were glad to take his money for stocks and bonds and proud to shake by the hand, on the public thoroughfare, the man whose skill enabled him to control the votes of the city's representatives, for the salvation of vested interests. They did not hesitate to sit at business council with him in directors' meetings. The high and haughty Directors of the World's Fair did not deem it amiss to call him in for help to pass Charter Amendments that would give the Fair \$5,000,000. The most pious and preternaturally puritanical men of position in this city sat in caucus with him often and solicited his aid to elect their selections for office by means which they now condemn and through men for whose conviction these same pious and preternaturally puritanical persons are now subscribing funds. Some of the editors now fulminating against him have sat in those caucuses with him and congratulated themselves when they found that "the old man would be with them all down the line." There was not a newspaper office in town whereat Butler was not a welcome visitor, when he called to "deliver the goods" in some matter in which the edi-

tors and proprietors were interested. There isn't a bank in town that would not have been glad to have his account at any time. His money never stank to the bankers. They did not handle his checks with tongs. Priests and preachers, now anathematizing him, took his money for their charities, though they knew well how he obtained that money—at least they knew as much about it then as they know now. The papers that speak so strongly of his Standard Theater did not refuse to accept pay for advertisements of its attractions, and if he was a boss boodler, every paper in town "capped for his game" by publicly attributing such power to him that those seeking franchises naturally looked him up as a chief preliminary to successful negotiation with venal public servants. When he rode, on Sunday afternoon, on the boulevard, many of those who now rejoice that he has fallen on evil days, were proud to tip their hats to him and tell their friends and families: "that's Col. Ed. Butler." He was a "smart man." He "had a positive genius for handling men." And after all "if it wasn't for Ed Butler and what he could do, very often vast business interests would suffer, dividends would be cut down, expansion of properties would be prevented by corrupt officials." It was even said that Ed Butler, in his way, had done more for the development of St. Louis than any man in the city. But for him and his methods railroads could not get into the city, the new Union Station would not have been built, and so forth.

The man and his methods are no more reprehensible now than they were before his indictment. The very men prosecuting him accepted his political help and that of his "Indians" in conventions and elections. The very men who started a fund to aid the Circuit Attorney in prosecuting Butler and others caucused with him to secure the election of his prosecutors. The men who are most shocked at his actions now are—some of them at least—the men who gave him \$15,000 to pass the Charter Amendments for the World's Fair. The men who are most raucous for good government are, in many instances, the men who made Edward Butler what he is to-day. If they have millions and high standing, Ed Butler helped them make those millions, and those millions largely make the standing. If Edward Butler has made his million, it is a small percentage upon what he has made for other people who wouldn't like to be seen with him on the street, right now, don't you know!

These are statements of facts, known of everyone in this town who knows anything. They may or may not be construed as an apology for Edward Butler, but they are certainly a demonstration that, to some extent, at least, Edward Butler is suffering for the sins of some of the men who applauded the old man's agony.

Contrast these wealthy and respectable and pious Pharisees in their attitude toward Butler with his attitude. I would not make him a hero, but look at him and then upon the sniveling, snarling set that pose as being heart and soul in the movement which has for supreme aim the achievement of a public investiture of Edward Butler in penal stripes. Does Butler turn away from the men he has used to forward the ends of the men who have used him? He doesn't even bend before the storm of indictments, convictions, editorial denunciations, pulpitering pronouncements. He goes to the front for every man

indicted, even for the men who are supposed to have "squealed on him." He has offered to pledge his fortune in bonds for their appearance in court. He has supplied them with lawyers and their families with the necessities of life. He has not squealed upon any of the men whose reputations he holds in the hollow of his hand, even though he knows that they have run from him. He is faithful to his code of honor, even though all the honorable men, for whom he has wrought in his deviously dextrous way, have abandoned their honor and joined in the cry for his punishment. He "takes his medicine" and protests he likes its bitterness. He "stands the gaff," though it be driven into him by those who should stand by him. He may be all that it has been said he is, but he is not a hypocrite. It may be that it is true of him, as was written of another, that "his honor rooted in dishonor stood, and faith unfaithful kept him falsely true," but his "honor" is a thing of help to those who have a right to look to him for help, and his "faith" is a solace to the minor offenders who, but for his support, might well despair before the prospect of gaping prison gates.

Edward Butler, piteously situated as he is, is but a vicarious sacrifice for the hypocrites who desert him. He is the victim not more of his own deeds than of certain business, financial, political conditions which we all recognize and which most of us denounce with lying tongues. There is no man who may be said to be "of the world" who does not know that the things for which Butler and his associates are pilloried, have prevailed and still prevail, in every city of this Union, large and small. We all know who are the chief beneficiaries of what is called "Butlerism" in politics or in legislation. They are not the petty politicians. They are, in nine cases out of ten, the self-styled and so-called best citizens of their respective communities. They are men who stand well in the churches, who are often public-spirited, but are always cowards when it comes to abiding by the consequences of their own acts in furthering their business through the fee system. They may be good business men, but they are not above making presents to the buyer for a house to which they wish to sell goods, or giving a summer trip to some agent from whom they wish to buy on favorable terms, or even providing funds for their own representatives to spend in showing country customers through the red-light districts of the city. They know that the "fee" or the "present" or the "entertainment" scheme in every day business is a good way to secure good will, and they consider such methods to be thoroughly legitimate. All through the ramifications of modern business life runs the bribe. The butcher and the grocer bribe your servants to hold your household trade. And this form of bribery rises gradually to the more artistic, because more intricate and more spacious in scope, in dealing with public bodies. Those business men who will sweepingly deny the assertions here made will do so with the hypocrite's fear fluttering in their hearts. Thousands of men, lifting up their voices against Butler and his associates, are guilty almost daily of the thing for which they shout that he must be crucified. Many readers may not like the savor of this statement, but, none the less, it is truth, and the savor of truth is never that of supreme sweetness. If bribers will be bribers, why should they be cowards and rail at a man who is, if all be proved against him, only a past-master in the art and science in which the others are either petty practitioners or profitters by the Butlerian pastmastership? Why not let us have here another "bonfire of vanities" such as was in Florence at the time Savonarola himself was preparing to put on the *san benito* and step stately to the *auto da fe*? Why

do not some of those who gleefully approve of Butler's progress to the penitentiary bring to some public place here the dividend-paying stocks and bonds whose profitableness they know to be primarily dependent upon Butlerism, and there burn them in sacrifice to that Civic Righteousness they proclaim? Why do not the newspapers that denounce Butler make confession of the times when they "got stock" or took money for advertising schemes which were lobbied by Butler? Why should not some of the pulpit-pounders throw the money Butler has given to their charities into the devouring, purifying flame? Why do not some of our reformers arise and publicly profess repentance that they entered into deals with Butler for his influence in support of candidates whose superiority to other candidates lay mainly in the fact that they were closer to the reformer and to the reformers' wills rather than the wills of the politicians? Why do not some of the virtuous public officials elected through Butler's influence in caucus and convention or through the work of Butler's "Indians" at the polls, resign their places and burn their contaminated commissions of office? What a bonfire that would be if there were cast into it all the profits which so many "superior" men have made in thirty years through the help of Butler? What a stripping of finery from dowagers and dainty damozels there would be! But there will be no such bonfire in St. Louis. No; but Butler will be pushed to "the pen." and the hypocrites will howl about his ears, and the Pharisees will "wash their hands with invisible soap, in imperceptible water," as he goes by, and then return to their little business bribes and continue to lay in wait for some other "snap" investment in utilities jammed through the assembly by some successor to Butler.

It may be that a worthier than I should have been awaited for the voicing of these things to the people of this city. It may be that some may say a purer preacher should have been called for this preachment, one, perhaps, less—well, less Rabelaisian, if you will have it so; but it is not the preacher who is at issue, but the truth of his message and the justice of his criticism. There is not need that one should defend Butler, but there is need that we should see ourselves, or at least a goodly number of ourselves, in the contemptible attitude in which we are placed by the rejoicing over Butler's fate. Butler as Butler may be dismissed from our thoughts. He isn't so much a man as an institution, and to the upbuilding of that institution there has gone not a little of the very essence of what is called respectable and honorable and eminently successful in this town. He represents the predatory few in conspiracy to steal the property of the many. He represents the almost universal business "fee" or "favor" to get "on the inside" in trade. Aside from that he represents courage when he admits that he lobbied in behalf of enterprises in which he was interested and did everything necessary to protect them. There is practically no enterprise of magnitude in St. Louis, that is not, or has not, been in need of protection or lobbying work, in which Edward Butler is not interested and those interested with him well know that he has never been "a dead-head in the enterprise." If all the investors in enterprises with Butler, knowing the nature of his contributions to their success and profit, were to admit their knowledge and pay the penalty assessed against Butler, at Columbia, last Friday, what a highly reputable colony of convicts there would be in the prison at Jefferson City!

It is most respectfully submitted to a great many people who are now vociferating their pleasure over the conviction of Edward Butler that they would do well to restrain their vociferousness. They would do

better to look into their own hearts and know themselves and despise themselves for their hypocritical cowardice in turning upon a man who did their bidding, who made them money, upon whose work their assumptions of respectability have been based, in whose shame and humiliation they should be sharers if not consolers, and before whose pathetically rugged dignity in facing misfortune and retribution they should drop their poltroon eyes and plunge themselves into the deeps of self-disgust.

If the law's overtaking of grim old Edward Butler has no other effect than that of making some people perceive, if only for a moment, the immanne contemptibleness of their course in rejoicing over the fate of a man as much their creator as their creature, it shall have done much for purification of heart in this community. Let those without sin stone Edward Butler on his present sorrowful way. But for too many of us there is nothing better we can do than go into an examination of our own consciences, in the light of the Butler revelations and experiences, and see in how far we are as hypocritical, in our zeal for the punishment of offenders, great and small, as are many of the great ones among us who flourish upon the suborned sins of Butlerism, or upon little business bribes in the shape of "presents" and "attentions" to those they would win to favorable consideration of certain business proposals. Out upon the hypocrisy that Butler's conviction throws into high relief in the social and business and political picture of St. Louis to-day! Faugh, upon the cowards spitting at the man by whom they arose to positions from which to spew upon him. Let us not heap obloquy on Butler. Let us rather, try to see in him something of ourselves, and then let those who may honestly do so, set themselves up as entitled to judge in utter fearlessness of being judged.



REFLECTIONS

Wealth Distribution

PROF. HOWERTH, of the University of Chicago, appears to be a Daniel come to judgment. In a recent lecture, he told his auditors things anything but pleasing to those who would make us believe that wealth in this country is being evenly distributed and that labor is getting its due share of prosperity. Prof. Howerth evidently is not a slavish worshiper at the shrine of university-endowing Mammon. He is independent in his logic and judgment, and has his facts and figures at his tongue's end. He says, for instance, that "it may still be claimed that the increase in wealth, due to improved organization and machinery, is not equitably shared, that the condition of the working classes has not improved as rapidly as their contributions to increased production would warrant. The results of industrial progress are harvested chiefly by those who control machinery." Does this read as if it emanated from the mouth of one who belongs to the faculty of what is often referred to as the educational department of the Standard Oil Trust? Prof. Howerth should be more careful in his utterances. But let us read on. In regard to the increasing number of millionaires, we are told that an investigation conducted by the New York *Tribune*, a monopolist organ, in 1892, showed that there were, then, 4,047 millionaires in the United States, of whom 1,103 lived in New York. About ten years ago, a writer in the *Forum* made the assertion that, at that time, according to reliable figures, 14-10 per cent of our population owned 70 per cent; 9½ per cent owned 12 per cent, and 89 4-10 per cent owned only 18 per cent of our National wealth. Mr. G. K. Holms, expert on wealth statistics for the tenth census, established the fact that 3-100 of 1 per cent of the population owned 20 per cent; 8 97-100 per cent

owned 51 per cent, and 91 per cent owned 29 per cent of the wealth of the country. Commenting on these figures, Prof. Howerth says: "As to the solution of the problem of wealth and want, there are those who contend that, by natural laws of rent, interest and wages, wealth tends to flow to the various members of society in exact proportion to their various contributions to productive enterprises. Such persons, however, assume a freedom of competition which does not exist. There can be no question that, to-day, *exploitation of weak by the strong* plays a large part in the distribution. Recognizing this fact, there is another class of persons who maintain that, instead of leaving the distribution of wealth to a so-called natural process, society should take the matter into its own hands and endeavor to apply the principles of justice." Prof. Howerth, in this last sentence, has, of course, reference to the theory that each producer should be given his due share of production and that the supervision of this distributive process should be assumed by the State. The professor does not think there is any exact method by which just and equal distribution may be made possible. He believes that John Stuart Mill was right in asserting that present social conditions do not admit of exact distributive justice. But is there no means of bringing about a more equal diffusion of wealth and of preventing such a harmful concentration of wealth in the hands of favored, privileged individuals as was witnessed in the last twenty years? After discussing Andrew Carnegie's economic principle that "it is a sin and a disgrace to die rich", and the enactment of legislation providing for an inheritance tax, Prof. Howerth faces the music with the bold assertion that it will "hardly be denied that there are at present artificial privileges enjoyed by individuals which are harmful to society. These privileges should be abolished. Property rights of the individual, however sacred they may be, should be made to conform to social interests. The essential injustice of the right of private ownership of land, when that right is employed merely to exploit society, should be recognized. The right of private property does not make it right for the individual to reap where he has not sowed and gather where he has not strewn." Prof. Howerth touches the sorest spot in our economic system. It is privileged monopoly which works the most grievous wrongs and exercises the most despotic tyranny in this land of the free. And that sort of monopoly is fostered by an injudicious distribution of the land of the nation, by the granting of enormously valuable franchises for long periods and upon terms that are preposterously inadequate, and by paternalistic legislation. Society has the remedy in its own hands; it knows where it could be applied efficaciously; it knows that it is daily submitting to conditions that are gallingly unjust, but it is afraid to act; it is chained by outworn traditions, and forced to cling to a system utterly inapplicable to modern conditions. And yet, society realizes that something has to be done towards removing, in part at least, the most glaring forms of prevailing economic injustice. It realizes that the feeling of rancor in the heart of the "have-nots" is growing rapidly, and that the cry for an altered system and for effective means of redress is swelling in volume. As Prof. Howerth says: "It is through the increasing application of social intelligence to the distribution of wealth that we may hope for a solution of the problem of wealth and want." And this social intelligence should, first of all, be applied to the introduction of legislation providing for the abolition of land, franchise and trade monopolies, and for a permanent removal of that relic of a feudalistic age—protective tariffs. As long as there are individuals who fatten on the enormous profits derived from special privileges, it is useless to talk of economic justice and liberty of contract. The time will

probably never come when national wealth shall be equally distributed, but that should not deter us from making efforts towards bringing it about.



Another Hold-Up

BUSINESS men all over the country are kicking about high fire insurance rates. They intimate that there is a secret combine, and that there is absolutely no excuse whatever for the late advance in rates in every large city. Some time ago, the impression prevailed that the companies had decided to raise rates on account of defective water service, but evidence has leaked out since which tends to prove that the advance grew out of a desire to cover extravagantly high expenses. The fire insurance combine, it is stated, is paying salaries and commissions of wonderfully large dimensions, not out of the surplus funds belonging to shareholders, but out of premiums collected from customers. It is the same old trick. And, yet, fire insurance is a fairly profitable business. Mr. Henry W. Brown, at the meeting of the Philadelphia Fire Insurance Society, recently made a comparison between the expenses of life and of fire insurance companies. This is what he said: "In the well-directed life insurance company, the assured receives back at least one hundred cents for every dollar he has paid in, and oftentimes more. He loses, at most, the use of his money during the life of his policy. The entire sum of fire losses paid during a given year is, say, roundly, \$150,000,000. So far as the public is concerned, the distribution of this sum is the measure of usefulness of the insurance business, considered in regard to its distributive function. Now, what does the public pay for having this work done? About \$250,000,000. In other words, the public pays an additional \$100,000,000 to get this \$150,000,000 of losses paid." The figures given by Mr. Brown are based on careful statistical reports. They are official. The companies, however, continue to befuddle us with talk of an increase in conflagration disasters, municipal carelessness, incendiaryism, and all that sort of thing. They pay big dividends to share-holders and inflated salaries to soft-snap-enjoying officials, while customers have to submit to hold-ups every year or so. It seems that there is ample evidence at hand which would justify the State authorities in beginning a searching investigation into the business methods and unlawful agreements of fire insurance companies.



Ethical Progress

WHILE unwrapping a few mummified crocodiles, some time ago, Egyptologists found, within the wrappings, papyri of considerable importance. One of them contained the accounts of a dinner-club, the names of guests, the prices of meals, "exclusive of charges for wine, bread and garlands," and the numbers of members. From this it would appear as though the ancient Egyptians, of the times of the Pharaohs, had social functions, customs and ceremonies which did not differ much from ours of the present day. Maybe they also had their "Four Hundreds," and were given to inveighing against abuses of wealth, the frivolities and sybaritic entertainments of leaders of society. It is not at all unreasonable to believe that they likewise had their political clubs, their ward-meetings, their marching knights and labor-guilds, their strikes and foot-ball games, and sundry other things which are of perennial interest to organized human society. The other day, they came across a tablet, fastened to the wall of a Patrician's house at Pompei, on which were inscribed words endorsing the candidacy of Marcus Samellius Modestus, an "honest young man," for the office of edile. Such things are calculated to strike a responsive chord in our twentieth century bosoms. They make the ancient and modern world kin, and give excellent testimony that human nature of the

present day is much the same that it was thousands of years ago. It is only in matters of ethics that we can be sure of having made progress. But for the restraining, ennobling and refining influence of Christianity there would have been no progress at all. History simply would have consisted of the displacement of one decrepit, eudæmonistic civilization by another. It is the spirit of Christianity that worked for moral improvement; that taught mankind that the beast in human nature must be repressed and chained. The teachings of the Nazarene emphasized the importance of the life spiritual, and endowed man with a keener sense of discrimination between good and evil.



The Dangers of Strenuosity

THE strenuosity of a strenuous life is not without its dangers. There may be too much of it. There is, in fact, a superlative abundance of strenuosity in the country, which is responsible for a good many breakdowns in early or middle life. According to a synopsis in the *Medical Record*, of a paper read before the New York Neurological Society by Dr. E. D. Fisher, cerebral hemiplegia (paralysis on one side) is more than ordinarily common at the present period of our National development. There is an excessive desire, among Anglo-Saxon nations, to succeed, to gain wealth and fame, and this has led to a very large consumption of tissue. This strenuosity of physical and mental life leads to a fatty degeneration of the cardiac and arterial muscular tissue. Life in our large cities is one of constant anxiety and overwork. There should be less straining after living and a stronger desire for culture and moderation. The strenuous life, if kept within proper bounds, is a noble and laudable one, but, if carried to excess, it spells disease, decay and death at a comparatively early age. Premature mental collapses are multiplying in this country. The treatment of nervous diseases has become the most profitable branch of medical practice of the present day. And this is not a symptom that augurs well for the health of the race of the future.



Great Problems

THE fuel problem is still engaging the attention of inventors. All sorts of improved heating methods have already been proposed. Some of them are quite novel and ingenious. But none can at all be compared, in originality and audacity of conception, to that lately brought to our attention by an American weather bureau official. This wind and rain prognosticator asks us to make use of the wind for fuel purposes. Certainly a startling, bold idea. This is what he says: "I doubt if the fact is fully realized that there is sufficient power which can be had for the taking, within one hundred feet of the ground, in a space five yards in diameter, to do all the work to be done on a forty-acre farm, from the sowing, cultivating, harvesting, threshing and marketing of the crops, to the rocking of the babies and the doing of all kinds of housework, and to furnish light for the chickens to sleep in. The energy utilized at Niagara Falls is not more sure in its annual quantity than the energy which wastes itself over a Dakota farm. The Niagara energy, however, exerts itself in one direction the year through, is very much condensed, and stable in quality and quantity from day to day. On the other hand, the energy to be derived from the winds at a given velocity varies with the pressure, the temperature and other conditions of the air, and varies in intensity from nothing to one hundred miles an hour in succeeding minutes. But when the coal-fields are gone, and the forests are burned up, and the oil fields are pumped out, there will always remain this universal force distributed almost everywhere on the face of

the earth, which can be utilized for almost every known human need which physical energy can supply. Either storage of compressed air, or the production of liquefied air, or the storage of electricity will probably, in the near future, be largely employed to utilize wind power for many human needs, in addition to the countless uses already being made of these energies." So far our weather bureau man. Considering the great things already accomplished by modern science and engineering skill, the proposition to utilize the wind as a purveyor of fuel does not seem at all fantastical. During the last one hundred years, civilized man has been impressed with the momentous lesson that there is practically no limit to his inventive genius in its struggle with physical nature. Some of the most splendid dreams of Sir Thomas Moore, Bellamy, Wells and others are approaching materialization. Our dreams of to-day become realities tomorrow. We certainly have reason to exclaim with Hamlet: "What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason, how infinite in faculty!" In man's efforts to subdue and utilize the elements of nature we cannot fail to recognize the spark of divinity in our human make-up. Science is really part of religion in its utilitarian form. It lifts man up; it betters his condition; it pulls him from and out of the clod of earth; it makes him realize that he is, or should be, the supreme master of physical nature on this terrestrial globe. In prehistoric times, man used to regard the sun as the origin of all life, light and heat. We are, in a certain non-spiritual sense, returning to this belief of primeval man. We have no doubt any longer that without the great ball of fire, life on the earth would be as extinct as it is presumed to be on the moon. Now, considering the tremendous energy contained in the rays of the sun, it would appear as though there might be a method through which they could be made to serve us in a very efficient manner as purveyors of light, heat and power. We utilize the energy of Niagara Falls—why not utilize the tide and currents of the ocean, the winds of heaven, and the all-pervading rays of the sun?



Ills and Woes

THERE must be something wrong in Wall street these days. J. P. Morgan is suffering from an attack of lumbago, Russell Sage has stomach-troubles, "Charlie" Schwab is afflicted with neurasthenia, John D. Rockefeller complains of dyspepsia and stocks are said to be suffering from acute inflation and sinking rapidly. Considering this array of distinguished patients, it is not at all surprising that the whole "street" has a dangerous attack of the "blues" and is preparing for bank-account-breaking funerals.



Far Above His Party

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S speech at the dedication of the New York Chamber of Commerce building furnishes good, instructive reading. It is studded with fine, profound, philosophical reflections and betrays a spirit of ripe, liberal American statesmanship. It lays significant stress on individualism, on self-help, on manly, never-tiring, never-flinching effort. Here is an especially striking, strenuous passage: "It is a pleasure to address a body whose members possess, to an eminent degree, the traditional American self-reliance of spirit which makes them scorn to ask from the Government, whether of State or of Nation, anything but a fair field and no favor—who confide not in being helped by others, but in their own skill, energy and business capacity to achieve success." Wonder what Hanna, Platt, Babcock and Payne think of these words? They should be able to read between the lines the President's individual condemnatory opinion

on legislative paternalism. It must, by this time, be plain to every intelligent person that Theodore Roosevelt is a Republican by force of circumstances. His mental make-up is utterly opposed to high tariffs and ship-subsidies. He is an individualist of the most pronounced type, and that is the reason why he is so popular and so close to the heart of his countrymen. Individualism is Americanism of the best sort. To ask for legislative favors, to petition law-givers to favor a few to the prejudice of the many, is un-American. And that is the reason why the President never fails to emphasize and to laud the virtue of self-help, of independent endeavor. He abhors favoritism, nepotism and paternalism. Theodore Roosevelt is infinitely better than his party. His trenchantly honest utterances only serve to reveal the humiliatingly low level to which his party has sunk and the vulgarity of the idols which it is now worshipping.



Two Degenerates

ELEANORA DUSE is scoring great triumphs, in New York, as D'Annunzio's interpreter. This was to be expected. After serving the author of "*La Citta Morta*," a few years ago as a study in erotic psychology, and having thus been afforded an excellent insight into his fetid philosophy, she must be held to be well-qualified for her present role as interpreter of an "art" that leaves the worst of Zola far in the rear. The great actress still is infatuated with the decadent Italian. She looks up to him as the greatest literary artist of modern times, and this in spite of the fact that in a recent work, "*Il Fuoco*," he describes with his most exquisite skill and brilliant coruscating satire, every one of her numerous amorous *betises*, her feminine foibles and eccentricities, her eager, and yet aging, passion, and the final, satiated weariness with which he responded to her burning kisses. Eleanora Duse, it seems, relished this sordid-souled, disgust-provoking, literary production of her degenerate, unmanly lover. She thought all the more of him for having written it. These two Italians are strange, unintelligible creatures. Their ways of thought and action are beyond the comprehension of the average Anglo-Saxon. Yet it would be unfair to regard either Eleanora Duse or D'Annunzio as representative types of the Latin race. They both are degenerates of pronounced neurotic temper. Their excuse lies in the fact that they do not know any better. D'Annunzio is a caddish pervert, and his former paramour a woman that is possessed of misdirected, effervescent passion rather than that calm, dignified restraint which is the American woman's most charming characteristic.



Unrest in France

It is reported that there is a singular spirit of unrest and of timidity among French investors. The banks complain of a persistent withdrawing of deposits and a stubborn unwillingness of capitalists to risk their funds in new enterprises, or in speculative securities. The Bank of France is engaged in increasing its holdings of coin and evidently preparing for sudden emergencies. Yet nobody seems to have an understandable idea of what it all means. British papers advance the opinion that this financial uneasiness in France must be held to be the consequence of political agitation and uncertainty, of fanfaronading on the part of bumptious swashbucklers and adventurers in Parliament, new measures of governmental taxation, and the growing indebtedness of the nation. France is, relatively, the richest country in the world. Her agricultural interests are varied and in a most flourishing condition. It is estimated that the annual surplus income of the French nation amounts to at least \$200,-

000,000. This must be admitted to be a remarkable annual saving for thirty-eight millions of people. But it is almost eclipsed by the stupendous growth in national indebtedness. Political ambitions and requirements necessitate the maintenance of a powerful army and navy. The government of the Republic thinks it would be suicidal for France to inaugurate a vacillating and economizing policy at this late date. Expenditures, they declare, must be kept up in order to maintain international equilibrium in Europe. Prevailing ideas and conditions warrant the conclusion that it is useless to look for a wholesome reduction in the annual budgets. M. Rouvier, the Minister of Finance, is engaged in a frantic struggle to make both ends meet, and thereby provoking the cynical hilarity of every *boulevardier*. Political satirists and caricaturists, of the Caran d'Ache type and ability, find in M. Rouvier's financial gymnastics and juggling an inexhaustible and ever-fresh theme for effective exploitation. The French always managed to see the comical side of things. At the present day, they jolly themselves along with a reiteration of the old adage: "*Faites moi de la bonne finance, et je vous ferai de la bonne politique*." Sagacious observers, however, look beneath the surface of Gallic gaiety and nonchalance, and what they perceive there is calculated to make them apprehensive of the outcome. They are realizing that France's financial system is rotten to the core; that taxation is growing well nigh intolerable, and that the national debt is fast assuming overwhelming titanic proportions. A renewal of political squalls in France cannot be far off. It will be remembered that the first revolution was preceded and produced by disordered and oppressive policies of national finance, and the incompetency of rulers to reform them. M. Rouvier appears to be a sincere and able man, and anxious to institute needed reforms and economies. Will he accomplish anything of a practical nature? This is the question that every truly patriotic Frenchman is asking himself.



Marconi's Success

MARCONI is still, and very successfully, experimenting with his wireless telegraph apparatus. The captain of the Italian cruiser, *Carlo Alberto*, now in the harbor of Sidney, N. S., reports to the authorities at Rome that Marconi (who has, for some time, with permission of the Italian government, been conducting his experiments on board that warship) is in daily communication with the wireless telegraph station at Poldhu, on the Cornwall coast. As the news is strictly official, there can be no question of its correctness or reliability. Neither is there any ground to suspect that the naval officer has been guilty of exaggeration. Marconi must, therefore, be congratulated on his epoch-making success in establishing wireless telegraphic communication over a distance of about three thousand miles. Some months ago, insinuations were made that the Italian inventor had unlawfully appropriated the invention of a friend of his in the naval service and never made acknowledgment of it. In view of the fact, however, that the Italian government is assisting and encouraging him in his experiments, it would seem as though he had been the victim of envious calumniators. Even if the wireless telegraph idea did not originate in his mind, the fact remains that he was the first to make practical experiments, and to demonstrate its usefulness in the service of mankind. Let us give honor to him who is entitled to it. There are many fellows running at large, these days, with splendid ideas throbbing in their tumultuous brains, but, as they are unable to put them in tangible, practical shape, they have to be satisfied with remaining in ignoble, yet deserved, obscurity. As long as an idea remains an idea, it is useless to the man who

hatched it as well as to his fellow-men. It is the doing, it is success that counts in this world.



A Generous Company

THE Pennsylvania Railroad Company is entitled to the palm for generosity to employees. A few days ago, it voluntarily raised the wages of employees, on lines east of Pittsburgh, 10 per cent. The advance, President Cassatt says, was made because the cost of living has risen so rapidly that it has diminished the income of employees. Here is a corporation which is not soulless, and is anxious to better the condition of its men and to consult their interests. The example set by the Pennsylvania deserves to be emulated by other corporations. It is calculated to soften the rancor of workingmen who constantly complain of being deprived of their share of prosperity. It makes for goodwill, charity and peace between capital and labor, and promotes the feeling of the brotherhood of men in the economic field of effort. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has always been noted for its liberal treatment of employees. Some years ago, it established a pension system insuring old workingmen against misfortune and physical decrepitude. Attached to this system of pensions is an insurance feature, providing for sick benefits and death-claims. It is stated that more than half of the employees of the company have become members of the insurance organization. The officials are also anxious to afford their men ample opportunity for self-instruction. They provide free reading rooms in every important town along the lines of the system, where the men have access to good books, magazines and papers. All this is, of course, well appreciated and must be considered the reason why the history of the company has been so singularly free of disastrous strikes. Decent treatment of employees seldom fails of proving a good investment. A corporation whose men are well-paid and honestly treated may be sure of effective services, loyalty and gratitude.



World's Fair Queries

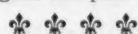
WHERE are those hotels to house the multitudes coming to our World's Fair in 1904? There is not much time in which to build them, if they are to be built. And can it be true that there has been formed a big combination, with a strong foothold in the inner councils of the World's Fair management, to prevent the erection of hotels that may, in the near future, compete with the Planters', in which so many of the "main squeezes," in the close corporation that runs this town, are interested? Is it true that these people, through their influence with banks and trust companies, are able to prevent the negotiation of loans on hotel projects brought here by outsiders or suggested by local capitalists outside the combination? Is it possible that members of the inner World's Fair syndicate have gobbled up a lot of land near the Fair site, upon which they are to put up a lot of temporary fire-trap shacks and pack them with unfortunate Fair visitors at horrific rates per day? Every person who has broached a hotel scheme here has been met with a chilling frost from the very persons who might have been expected to be anxious to have hotel accommodations equal to the needs of the Fair period. Every World's Fair capitalist is a "knocker" on the hotel proposition, and that in itself is very queer. There is reason to believe that there is a "job" of some sort lurking back of the opposition of the members of the supreme local "cinch" to every proposal made for better hotel accommodations. The inner set is getting ready to fill the West End with shanty hotels, and to that end they are already dickering to have changes made in the building ordinance, permitting fire-trap structures. This will not do. This doesn't look much

like a New St. Louis idea, but more like the worst kind of picayunish old fogysm. The fact is that the dilatoriness in the matter of providing adequate hotel facilities for St. Louis is suspiciously like a part of some purpose to secure another postponement of the World's Fair, and this suspicion is strengthened, rather than allayed, when World's Fair officials, in answer to inquiries, tell their correspondents that they cannot name a date for the opening or the closing of the Fair. It is rumored, too, that the Fair management finds itself under the necessity of a large revision of plans at this late date owing to the fact that present plans call for the expenditure of more money than the management has available. Will there be a postponement of the Fair until 1905? The people want to know.



The House of Delegates

LOCAL reformers are talking of abolishing our House of Delegates and having all municipal legislation enacted by one body of aldermen, as a cure for boodling and other evils. Do the local reformers remember the Sweet Sixteen? Do they remember that the present bicameral assembly was established to destroy the abuses that grew up in a single chamber? The reformers will not abolish boodling until they abolish human nature. There will be no boodling when there are no men anxious to buy from aldermen what they should be made to buy from the city. A single legislative chamber will be "worked" more easily than a double chamber. Reform is not such "a dead easy proposition" as some people think. The best way to effect reform is by electing honest men, but the people who profess to be most anxious to elect honest men are not "stayers" in politics. If reformers will "get busy" in their wards day and night, as those they would reform have a habit of doing, there would be some hope of their success, but they get tired too soon, or they grow foolishly meddlesome and disgust the public with their antics.



SPORTSMEN AND KINGS

BY JOHN H. RAFTERY.

IN these glooming autumn days, when the wild geese are trumpeting across the cloud-strewn sky, and the red-head mallard and canvas-back, in swift and shifting battalions are speeding towards the south, the man of red-blood, yearning for the open, must read with curiosity, if not envy, of the hunting holidays of such notable personages as William of Germany, Edward of England and Theodore Roosevelt, the President.

I know a score of "classy" sportsmen who would blush or curse at the mere suggestion of such "sport" as that which has engaged the Kaiser and the King in the preserves of Sandringham. For days, the papers were filled with big-worded accounts of the magnificent drives of pheasants that were sent before the well-delivered volleys of the royal guns. It has been heralded that His Majesty, the Emperor, bagged so many hundred birds before luncheon; that a large and enthusiastic gallery of citizens looked on and vigorously applauded the Kaiser's marksmanship. Six flunkies, armorers, masters of the hounds or horse, loaded the weapons and handed them to the royal marksmen. A score of foresters, woodmen, wardens of the forest, beat through the thickets and drove the doomed, fatling birds to their fate.

When you were a boy, before the trick of your weapons or the sense of your power were measured, have you ever stolen upon a sitting rabbit and slain it? Have you ever, in the eagerness for slaughter, peppered the half-tame doves that nested in your neigh-

bor's grove? If so, perhaps you have come to realize the cowardice of mere killing, the useless, pitiful, cheap vulgarity of mere marksmanship.

Later in life, have you sat, numb, patient, hungry, keen-eyed in the blinds waiting for the blue-bills to swoop, in a dark, fast cloud, across the water? Have you sat like that for hours, with no comrade but your dog, and watched the livid waters and the leaden clouds, listened for the whirr of wings and fronted the icy gale that crooned amongst the bare trees at the margin, and whipped and whistled among the reeds of the marsh? Have you, when the scouts, two of them, came quartering suddenly above your head, faster than the wind and hurtling with it, have you had the generous inspiration, then, to drop them "one-two" without waiting for the oncoming flock? And as they swept away, down wind, with a warning note and a whizzing defiance, have you felt that they were creatures of the wind and of the water, worth your best skill, your coolest nerve, your quickest wit? And having scored a double, just as they darted out of range, and having sent Ponto after them, you were not ashamed, were you?

A truck-load of game-birds bagged with the connivance of a regiment of truckling game-keepers is not worth one feather clipped from the pinions of a wild duck in full flight by the gun of a true sportsman. A pitiful pile of bruised and tattered creatures; a day on a camp-chair with a lazyback and a lunch table at elbow; an outing amongst perfumed lackeys and fulsome underlings who load guns by the dozens and drive half-tame, overfed birds up to the muzzles! This may be sport for Kings, but for men who know things, it is as poor an imitation as dynamiting rivers or seining for game fish.

I should like to have heard what Theodore Roosevelt said, or thought, of the bungling lout who trapped a bear and tied it for the President to shoot. The hunter—save the mark—who thought that Roosevelt was one of those "sportsmen" who measure their pleasure by the weight of the bag and the ease of conquest! If Roosevelt, the President, was not insulted by so gross an effort to prove him a scrub hunter, at least we may be sure that Roosevelt, the plainsman, the fair-stalker, the paragon of woodsmen, must have been grievously tempted to take a shot at his guide instead of at the wounded and helpless quarry. No Western hunter would have made that mistake. No man of spirit, anywhere, but must know that slaughter is not sport and that the motive, the excuse and the zest of hunting, lie in manlike matching of courage, cunning, skill and patience against the native advantages and incalculable devices of the wild creatures hunted.

But, if there is reason for pride as well as stock for the larder in a well-stalked buck and a fair-sent shot, it is yet sure that the chief recompense lies beyond and above these selfish considerations.

Nimrod's priceless secret remains always a riddle to half mankind.

One of these keen autumn days take your rifle and go alone into the primeval wilderness and sit on a dry log beneath some stalwart oak that is gray and ghostly and vague above your head. How still the world is and, as you watch, how the dimness of morning twilight drives like a fog before the breeze and the glow that comes up from the east. As the day comes stirring, you hear a scramble aloft and an acorn drops in the dead leaves at your feet. Across a shadowy, brown aisle in the woods you see a squirrel scamper. Don't stir. He has seen you and you are a curious animal, far more curious to him than he is to you. He has disappeared behind the trunk of a wide tree, and more acorns are falling. Look quietly aloft and see them—three—four bright-eyed, flirting, busy, brown-furred fox-squirrels. Early risers, these little husband-

men of the wilds, for they are laying in their winter stores of nuts and acorns. They are watching you out of their beady, black eyes, but they are too busy to stop work.

Raise your rifle now, raise it ever so cautiously. See them scamper for safety, letting their fallen morsels rain about you! It is not so easy, after all, to catch them unawares, these pretty little fellows who murder nothing, meddle not with man and work so hard! There is no need to get up. It is useless to walk around the tree. They will scramble around the tree-trunk much faster than you can run about its base. Sit still and hold your rifle ready, if you can. They want to see you. You are an immensely interesting monster. Of course they are afraid of you, just as you are afraid of a grizzly bear, of a man-eating tiger, but they can't resist the temptation to stare at you. Some prowling crows hail, slanting in through the tree-tops and perch swaying in a high spar. How purple they look as the rising sun shines on their glistening plumage! The squirrels are reassured now. They see the crows sitting scatheless above you. One of them thrusts his lean head across a bare limb and peers at you. Now is your chance! In the eye, mind you!

At the crack of your rifle a splinter flies from the limb just beside your target. There's a scratching scurry of little clawed feet. There goes a big silver-gray, leaping from tree to tree! Yonder go a dozen flashes, brown-red fox-squirrels! You have missed. You hear the clutter of tiny, padded feet among the leaves and you sit still, looking up and away where the frightened crows hurtle off in the sunlight. How luminous are the colors that now slant through your silent cathedral! What a cadence is that of the rising wind among the gaunt, resonant branches! In the dim recesses you can hear the dead leaves rustle as with the tread of unseen footsteps, and the perfume that rises from the sun-warmed mould reminds you of flowers that were tossed into a grave and crushed beneath the piling earth.

In a day like this you are a hunter. How many squirrels did you bag?

It doesn't matter.



THE USES OF FAME

BY FRANCIS A. HOUSE.

MAX NORDAU is undoubtedly an original and forcible thinker. He delights in laying bare and exploiting the foibles of mankind. He hates sham and hypocrisy in all their varied forms. He thunders against society's conventional lies; its gilded, hollow farces; its whited sepulchres; its follies, its vanities and its uselessness. But, in holding the mirror up to nature, and in showing "the age and body of the time its form and pressure," he occasionally makes the, perhaps inevitable, mistake of overshooting his mark, of dropping into mere futile rant and shallow, hackneyed philosophy.

In a late number of the *Fortnightly*, Nordau, in an article on "The Conditions of Success," makes the assertion that the thirst for fame, instead of being the most ideal, is the most foolish of all ambition. "To him who does not possess it, it seems the sum total of all that is splendid. He who, according to the general opinion of his contemporaries, possesses it, sees that it contains much more bitterness than satisfaction, and that it is not worth a night's sleep or a day's effort." We are quite certain that others before him have had the habit of talking the same way. Many, many centuries ago, the wise preacher used to tell his friends that all is vanity, and those who followed him have

given us endless variations upon the same theme. Man has, at all times, been fond of scrutinizing himself and his ideals; of bewailing the littleness of his endeavors and successes, and the cruel mockeries of fame. Some decades ago, Giacomo Leopardi epitomized Ecclesiastes in the despairing words:

*Omai disprezza te la natura,
Il brutto poter, che a commun danno impera,
E l'infinita vanita del tutto.*

Yet, in spite of all that has been urged against the hollowness of fame, we continue to struggle and to jostle each other in the mad effort to gain it. We are forever casting longing eyes upon the golden apple that, they tell us, has a rotten, worm-eaten core. We envy those who are on the top rungs of the narrow ladder of political, social or military fame. And, while we are inwardly convinced that nothing will give us complete satisfaction or happiness, we, for some reason or other, cling to the quaint hope that in reaching fame the sought-for balm of Gilead will be ours. There is not one among us, of healthy mind and heart, who does not thirst for fame, for fortune, for glory. Every man or woman made of the right stuff has ambitions and hopes that, somehow, sometime, somewhere fame will be found.

Now, it cannot be that this instinctive longing and hoping for fame is all wrong. As it is essentially human, it must have a *raison d'être*. As it is vitalizing, it must be making for progress. As it benefits the human race, it must be noble. It is all very well to sit down, look "blue," and point out the uselessness of human endeavor in Omarian quatrains. Every one of us has his spells of gloom; every one experiences moments of divine distress and of those emotions of sadness which, as Guy de Maupassant somewhere remarks: "*tombent parfois sur les âmes et les rendent vibrantes comme la terre sous la gelée.*" But moments of that kind never last long, because they should not, in a healthy mind and heart. They are merely moral fertilizers. They clarify our intellectual and moral being and give us those necessary opportunities for relaxation, introspection and self-criticism which should always precede periods of exuberant hope, of grim resolution and of stern endeavor.

It is manly and womanly to experience feelings of "divine discontent" and to strive for fame. The fellow that is inclined to take a back seat and to let the mad throng rush by in the search of fame and fortune, that philosophizes everything into nothing, and forever talks to us about the vanity of life and endeavor, should go hang. If everybody were to think, feel and act as he does, human society would go to pieces, would die of inertia. Omar Khayyamism benefits neither the individual, nor the race. Its results are deplorably conspicuous at the present day in the land of Brahma, Buddha and Mohammed. There, fatalism and pessimism have been reduced to a fine art, and, incidentally, but necessarily, crippled the mental and moral nature of man. Nordau can there find a complete refutation of his theory that the thirst for fame is idle and foolish.

What the world needs most is a rational, restrained optimism. We are growing a bit tired of those who are forever taunting us with the absurdity of our aspirations, hopes and combats. While we are not willing to admit that the achievement of fame is everything, while we know that there is nothing that can completely gratify our aspirations or come up to our ideals, we are, at the same time, positive in our belief that we must hope, must struggle and must thirst for fame, no matter what the consequences may be, no matter what metaphysicians may tell us. It is the strenuous life that saves and betters the human race.

Man must do his best and expect the best. This is

his duty; this is what his nature and the world demands. As Professor David Starr Jordan, in a recently-published essay, well remarks: "If you have played your part in the procession of bubbles, all is well, though the best you can do is to leave the world a little better for the next that follows. If you have not made life a little richer and its conditions a little more just by your living you have not touched the world. You are indeed a bubble."

Nordau is regaling us with a rotten, life-killing philosophy that suits eunuchs to perfection, but will never appeal to the manly man and the womanly woman. This is a world of action, where everybody must strive for the best, and disregard all possibility of failure and all feelings of impotent despair.



FINANCIAL DOCTORING

BY ARTHUR L. STANTON.

WOULD there be any thing more ridiculous or more humiliating than our Government's jackass policy of financiering and of relieving Wall street at stated intervals? Some time ago, Mr. Shaw, Secretary of the Treasury, after iterating and reiterating his intention of doing nothing for the benefit of stock-jobbers and syndicate bankers, suddenly announced that he had changed his ideas and that he would stretch the financial Acts of Congress and also disburse millions of ready cash, in order to tide over difficulties that threatened to become alarming and subversive of the legitimate business interests of the country. That was on or about October 1st, 1902. Since then, and after relieving the Treasury vaults of a considerable portion of currency, Mr. Shaw has conferred with himself in regard to the prevailing state of affairs in finance and speculation, and let it be known that he has once more changed his mind and become convinced that Wall street overstepped the bounds of propriety when it asked for help, and that he would, therefore, buy no more bonds, anticipate no more interest and accept no more municipal in lieu of Federal securities.

Now what caused the Secretary to again reverse his policy in such a sudden manner? Was he afraid of Congressional investigations? Or had he become disgusted with Wall street's bulldozing methods, its misrepresentations and glib insinuations? No one seems to know the determining factor, but everybody outside of stock-jobbing circles does not hesitate to assert that Mr. Shaw has been engaged in stultifying himself, in lowering his reputation for shrewdness and energy, and permitted Wall street to get the best of him in a matter in which he never had, or should not have, a right to meddle. Judging by the late actions of the Secretary, one might be led to the conclusion that any old policy will do in finance, that it does not matter what steps are taken, and that Wall street has a first mortgage on the cash holdings of the Nation.

Finance may not be an exact science, but it is guided by certain well-known rules which should never be violated. One of these rules recognizes that artificial help in monetary troubles is worse than none at all, especially when it is calling for a disregard of the financial laws of the country. Mr. Shaw has, since October 1st, accepted a considerable amount of municipal bonds as security for Government deposits. When he decided to adopt this policy, the *MIRROR* called attention to its unlawfulness and the dangers that it involved. It now would appear as though the Secretary had himself recognized the impropriety of his action, and, on this ground alone, revoked his order of October 1st. Let us hope that he will not put it in force again.

Prominent New York financiers and business men

FUNDAMENTAL SOCIALISM

BY STEPHEN J. RUSSELL.

have become aroused and make it quite plain to the Secretary that they do not approve of his tactics and his habits of misinterpreting or stretching the country's financial laws. At a recent meeting of the New York Chamber of Commerce, Mr. Jacob H. Schiff, a leading financier, indulged in the following justifiable remarks: "He (Mr. Shaw) has construed those words (Government bonds and otherwise) to mean that the banks may put up municipal bonds against the Government balances. This seems to me a dangerous precedent and a serious misinterpretation. A less able and less wise man than Mr. Shaw might, in time to come, with the present Secretary's precedent to guide him, allow the banks to deposit railroad bonds as collateral, and if railroad bonds, why not farm mortgages? Why, if Mr. Bryan, or one of his stripe, should be elected, his Secretary of the Treasury might elect to accept warehouse receipts. The law in question was passed during the war, and those two words, 'and otherwise,' mean that the Secretary of the Treasury might take additional security, not other security. The law does not read 'Government bonds, or otherwise.' Mr. Shaw's interpretation may have serious consequences, because it opens the way for the abuses I have pointed out."

There can be no misunderstanding Mr. Schiff's words. As a far-sighted man of finance and banker, he fully realizes the dangers that are involved in Mr. Shaw's recently promulgated and since rescinded order. And there are many others of his standing and ability who unhesitatingly endorse his rather sensational utterances.

All this law-stretching and relieving business has always, in the end, resulted in more harm than good. The prevailing monetary troubles are reminiscent of what occurred in Wall street in the fall months of 1890. Then, as now, money was very tight for quite a long period, not on account of undue loan-expansion (for, when surplus reserves in New York showed a deficit on August 16, bank loans were \$13,000,000 less than in 1889), but on account of a reversal of the tide in international trade. The Secretary of the Treasury did everything in his power to alleviate dangers. He tried currency inflation; in September, 1890, he bought an enormous amount of bonds, until the current supply of funds, during that single month, was increased more than \$60,000,000. In the week ending September 27, the New York banks gained \$6,800,000 in cash; in the next week, \$16,300,000, and surplus reserves rose by leaps and bounds. But it did not help speculation any, because the boom had been overdone and enthusiasm displayed strong signs of being on the wane. In November, the Baring panic knocked everything into smithereens in London as well as in New York. The Associated Banks were compelled to issue \$15,000,000 clearing-house certificates, in order to prevent suspensions of importance, and liquidation was in full swing everywhere.

The monetary stringency of 1890 did not end till January, 1891, when funds again returned from the interior, and things assumed a more reassuring aspect in London.

At the present time, Wall street is worried over heavy liquidation and comparatively high rates for call and time loans as well as prospects of gold exports. Speculators begin to feel the bottom sinking under their feet. They have gloomy premonitions. The only thing that seems to be in store for them is a continued period of intermittent liquidation, of squeezing out of water. No Treasury relief will do any good. Times and conditions call for a curtailment of loans, and we are going to have it. The liquidation of the past few weeks only formed the prelude to more serious squalls in Wall street. And Mr. Shaw will benefit his reputation as well as the country as a whole by letting things pursue their own course.

SOCIALISM is enjoying a remarkable growth in this country. The late elections have made this quite plain. In the large manufacturing centers of the East, the Socialistic vote is increasing rapidly and attracting the earnest attention of leading politicians. This is certainly surprising, especially in view of the fact that we had all along been under the impression that the theories of Karl Marx and his school would never gain a foothold in our country, on account of its free institutions, liberty of thought, speech and action, its immense natural wealth and phenomenal agricultural and manufacturing development and the economic advantages which it offers and bestows upon every honest, industrious, thrifty workingman. The cause of this strange political development must unquestionably be sought in the growth of industrialism, in the drift of population to large manufacturing centers and in the more independent attitude of intelligent voters towards the great economic questions of the day. Socialism is, essentially, based upon the conflict between labor and capital, the consequences springing therefrom and the natural desire to bring about an adjustment of prevailing contending forces.

What are the doctrines of the Socialists, and what are the economic and political measures they advocate? In May, 1875, the Socialistic party of Germany, at the Gotha convention, adopted the following as part of its programme: "Labor is the source of all wealth and all culture, and as useful work in general is possible only through society, so to society—that is, to all its members—belongs the entire product of labor by an equal right, to each one according to his reasonable wants—all being bound to work. In the existing society the instruments of labor are a monopoly of the capitalist class; the subjection of the working class thus arising is the cause of misery and servitude in every form. The emancipation of the working class demands the transformation of the instruments of labor into the common property of society and the co-operative control of the total labor, with application of the product of labor to the common good, and just distribution of the same."

At the Erfurt convention, in October, 1891, it was declared that "the struggle of labor against capitalistic oppression is necessarily a political one. The laboring class cannot carry on its industrial struggles and develop its economic organization without political rights. It cannot effect the transfer of the means of production into the possession of the body social without possessing itself of political power."

On Oct. 12, 1889, the Chicago Socialist platform contained the following: "With the founders of this Republic, we hold that the true theory of politics is that the machinery of government must be owned and controlled by the whole people; but in the light of our industrial development we hold, furthermore, that the true theory of economics is that the machinery of production must likewise belong to the people in common. Resolved, that we call upon the people to organize with a view to the substitution of the co-operative commonwealth for the present state of planless production, industrial war and social disorder. . . . We call upon them to unite with us in a mighty effort to gain by all practicable means the political power."

In his recently-issued thoughtful monograph on Socialism, Father William Poland, of the St. Louis University, gives a concise explanation of the object of the Marxian propaganda by stating that it involves the abolition of private capital. "By capital we are to understand capital in the active sense, capital that is ap-

plied to production. . . . The final object of Socialism is to do away with private capital as applied to every industry, thus to do away with competition, and to substitute for competition a collective ownership of all the means and instruments of production." Socialism is collectivism and, therefore, opposed to private enterprise and private profit. It aims at making the entire community the only and all-controlling employer. It would pay wages in the form of a certificate of the labor that the workingman has contributed, and make that certificate redeemable in the results of the common production.

The Socialists believe that the conflicts between labor and capital and the prevailing grievances of the workingman can be adjusted only by a complete reorganization of human society, by a reconstruction of the whole economic fabric. "In the Socialistic theory, the one sole cause of all the difficulties with which labor has to contend is free competition in production. This affects everything—the stocking of the market, the wages paid, the price. The wage-earner is at the mercy of the competing capitalist producers. Take away the one cause of the difficulties, take away competition, and the labor question is solved. The only way to be rid of competition is to have no competitors." This theory seems to be in perfect accord with that which is now so fashionable among Wall street financiers and railroad magnates, and which sees in consolidation and the wiping out of competition the *ne plus ultra* of economic science.

Socialists are willing to carry on a peaceable propaganda. They do not advocate violence, or political revolutions. They believe that they will gain their objects by appealing to the intelligence of the masses and, ultimately, by securing a majority of votes. "They reply upon the enemy as their best ally in the destruction of the enemy. Under the conditions of industry which have been brought about by machinery and rapid transport, they are waiting for the competitive system to run its course. Within fifty years, the old-time conditions—under which the tradesman owned his lot, his shop, his tools and the fruit of his labor, under which he found his own market and regulated supply to demand—have practically disappeared. Small proprietorships of peasant, mechanic, merchant, have given way to huge agricultural, industrial and mercantile capitalizations." Karl Marx used to say that "one capitalist kills many," and his followers are pinning their faith to the truth of this queer epigram.

Proudhon, the French Socialistic apostle, uttered the dictum that "property is robbery." By this he did not mean to say that individual ownership is based on individual robbery, or extortion. He only meant to assert that present economic conditions conspire towards converting private ownership into a form of robbery. No blame can be attached to the individual capitalist or manufacturer. "He is not accused of personally robbing the wage-earner of the surplus value of his work. He is recognized as being the fortunate one in what is called the 'anarchy' of competition, an anarchy upheld by civil statute, and so long as he wishes to compete he must abstract as much as he can from the fruit of labor."

Under a Socialistic form of government, there would be no competition. Private capital and machinery would be useless and profitless. Private owners would be permitted to transfer their plants to the collective state, and receive in return an annuity for a number of years, to be fixed according to the value of property transferred. This annuity would assume the form of labor certificates, which would entitle the owner to his share of common produce and common service.

The above may be regarded as a fairly accurate statement of the leading theories of modern Socialists.

It must be added, however, that there is not a single prominent advocate of Socialism who has any clear, practical idea of how his theories could be applied. In fact, Socialism is still in a more or less nebulous state. The recent utterances of European leaders plainly demonstrated this.



A SONG OF DEATH

BY NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

I AM the Lord of Life! All living things
Are mine and have been mine since Life began:
Mine, beasts and birds, and mine their Master,
Man.

No strength with me avails; no speed of wings
Can save. My overtaking fiat flings

The fugitive back within the fated ban.
Destruction is the sum of all my plan;—
God's universe to naught my scepter brings!
Yet am I most beneficent: in my realm

All cares and sorrows, all Earth's miseries cease.
Men mourn because my arrows overwhelm;
They mourn, though only thus they find release.
Swift sails the ship with Death's hand on the helm,
But at the end the Port it makes is Peace!

I am the Lord of Life! All systems die.
The Universe is one engulfing tomb.
The white Suns rush forever to their doom
And lifeless Moons through lifeless spaces fly,
Wasting their pallid light on orbs that lie
A prey to Death's inevitable doom.
In all the Infinite how little room
For Life; and Monarch of the dead am I!
Yet am I merciful: when Time is done;
When memories, when records all have perished
And every hope is gone that Man has cherished,
When in the sky revolves no glowing Sun
And God and I alone are left—at last
The Sleep of Peace shall brood throughout the
Vast!

I am the Lord of Life! Behold my way:—
Upon the fertile mountain smiling bright
With sunny terraces my wiles invite
The vine-rejoicing sons of men to stay.
They toil and when their tasks are done they play;
They build them palaces and find delight
In glorious prospects over vale and height;
They thrive and multiply, they live their day.
And then I shake the mountain: far and wide
The marble palace-pillars topple and fall;
The lava streams glow down the mountain side;
The snow of ashes settles like a pall;
The stricken towns in vain for succor call!
I bring to naught their splendor and their pride.

I am the Lord of Life! Again men build
Their habitations on the intervalles
Beside the stately river where the sails
Of Commerce by the prosperous gales are filled.
The humming hive of traffic is never stilled.
Wealth vaunts itself superb: nor Science fails
Nor Art; and Beauty's glowing smile regales
With every wile wherewith the Mind is skilled!
Men live, love, prosper, multiply.—
And then I melt the snow upon the mountains,
The waters gather from their sudden fountains:
Houses and marts and splendid temples crumble.
Alike in one mad maelstrom great and humble
Perish. There is no power to heed their cry.

The Lord of Life am I! Along the plain
Which stretches level like a waveless Lake

The scattered flocks of men their dwelling make.
What golden crops of the unfailing grain
Are coined into comforts free from pain!

What teeming cities into splendor wake!
What pride the builders in their labors take!
But soon I show them that their vaunt is vain!
A cloud of purple blackness fills the South
Shot through with lurid lightnings:—shapeless
Shape—

It grows in horror: from its yawning mouth
It roars in triumph:—there is no escape!
Rich cities, populous fields to Death are hurled
As swift it passes with wide wings unfurled.

The Lord of Life am I! In hearts of Kings
I sow ripe seeds of War. Nor long I wait
Or ere I reap the deadly harvest of Hate.
Nation at Nation insolently springs.
They battle like scorpions armed with poisoned stings!
Fierce armies face fierce armies, each elate
To dare and do and yield to bitter Fate.

The conflict rages and my triumph brings:—
Thousands of Heroes stript of lusty life;
Heaped piles of strenuous war-steeds stiff in gore;
Sacked cities red with piteous deeds of strife;
The butchered child, the stark dishonored wife;
And still the Hate engendered calls for more!
War is my master-stroke since days of yore.

I am the Lord of Life! I smite the lands
With scourge of Pestilence, and like the grass,
When through dry fields wild flames in phalanx pass,
Men perish and beasts. I call:—gaunt Famine stands
Ready to reap my grain with skeleton hands
From countries widowed of water; skies of brass
Hang pitiless. The elements amass
Their prey: the Dead are countless as the sands!
The Ocean and his raging storms are mine.
Nowhere is living thing I do not claim.
Mine are the smallest specks of life that shine;
Mine are worlds that shrivel up in flame.
I ruin, I destroy:—DEATH is my name,
God made me and my work is all divine!

From the December National.



IMPRESSIONS

THE PART AND THE WHOLE

OUTSIDE, on the downs, in the large patience
of the autumn day, life had seemed compre-
hendable, if not exhilarating; but here, in
the wood, all was dank and dark. There was no path,
and no horizon. The trees, in their mantle of mois-
ture, with last year's leaves soddening about their
roots, shut out all wholesome sights. It was as if we
had dropped down into a dungeon.

"All discomfort is temporary," said my companion.
"A fly crawling over an orange and meeting a pin-
point of mildew does not sit down and sob: 'All life is
mildew.' No! It crawls away to a better place. It is
brooding on the part that's confusing and depressing.
Error comes through seeing in part. It takes a big
man to see the whole, and if he be articulate, he gives
the world what the world calls truth. And truth per-
sists through the centuries and all changes. When
now and then in our lives we little men say 'that is
truth,' with an air of conviction that is inwardly half
amazement and half joy, it means that we have escaped
temporarily from the part which is individuality and
have seen the Whole Truth —"

Here I broke in. My contribution to the discus-
sion was modest. It consisted of one word. "Look!"
In the distance, through the crowding tree trunks, as
if a trap-door had been suddenly opened above a

dungeon, shone the clear light of the austere autumn
day. We pushed towards the gleam in silence, forced
our way through the fringe of undergrowth, and came
out upon the ridge. The world lay outstretched be-
neath.

The ridge upon which we stood went down steeply
to the white ribbon of road that skirted the huddle
of hills and felt for its way through pastures, linking
village to village till it disappeared behind a distant
hill. We threw ourselves down and looked out upon
the world. Close to where we sat, the turf had been
wantonly cut away, showing the white chalk bed. This
mutilation of the green hill side extended downwards
to the road. It was as if a huge piece of rough white
paper had been pasted on the hill-side. I kicked one
of the pieces of chalk: it rolled over the brow of the
hill and disappeared. I wondered who had done this
vandal work, and why. There seemed no purpose in
it. The rough bed of disclosed chalk was useless—an
eyesore. It was too steep for a road, too shallow for a
quarry. How explain it except as the night-work of a
thief who had stolen the turf to carpet his garden? It
annoyed me. Then the sun came out and fell so daz-
zlingly on the chalk that we shaded our eyes, rose, de-
scended the hill, and struck across the country to the
distant hill.

I did not turn again till we reached that hill. But
when I did turn, and looked over the path we had fol-
lowed, I started. For suddenly, in quite a simple way,
I saw the whole. What, where we had rested, had
seemed a meaningless scratching away of the turf,
was one of the arms of a gigantic cross that lay out—
symmetrical, dazzling on the hill-side. It was a real
cross, cut there in the turf, long ago, by an Oxford
College, and repaired every seven years. There it shone,
white and large, the paramount appeal of the land-
scape: the turf around was a background, the trees
above, dark sentinels.

My companion continued his remarks. "Pagan and
Christian alike have seen the whole. Confucius saw
it, and Paul saw it. A greater than Paul saw it al-
ways; Paul saw it often. He saw it when he said:
'For we know in part, and we prophesy in part. But
when that which is perfect is come, then that which
is in part shall be done away.' When I was a child
——. You remember! Maeterlinck says, somewhere,
that, as we ourselves grow better, we meet better men.
Maeterlinck sees the whole sometimes."

From the London Academy.



RED GOLD

BY CHARLES FOLEY

MONNA FIAMMA had always been accused of
having been, at one time, the mistress of
Lucifer. None of the inhabitants of the little,
white town of Albenga could assign any valid reason
for this grotesque accusation. Some held her name,
and others her moral conduct responsible for it. What-
ever the reason may have been, it could not be gainsaid
that Monna Fiamma had reformed in the last few
years, and took great pains in elevating her daughter,
Abruccia, who was known, as "Lucifer's daughter," in
an austere moral fashion.

The girl was possessed of sufficient beauty to lead
every young man of the town into damnation. But,
owing to the secluded life of her mother, who would
never consent to clothe Abruccia in anything but the
most simple garb of Puritan cut, and countenance no
hair-dressing calculated to reveal the mass of curly
waves of red-gold, Abruccia was kept in complete ig-
norance of her ravishing physical charms until the day
when, having reached the age of seventeen years, she
had, in accordance with ancient custom, to accompany

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the young girls of the town on a pilgrimage to the fountain of St. George, the guardian of persecuted virgins.

Legend had it that the saint, after having killed the dragon, had lived for several years in retirement in the hermitage of the most humble appearance which was located in the forest of pines, close to the spring in the waters of which one could see the reflection of big, mossy stones, surmounted by a huge cross. Whether intentionally, or on account of innate indolence, Abruccia arrived before the cross after all her companions had completed their prayers. She pressed a devout kiss upon the stone which the knees of the saint had touched during his long hours of prayer, and then, while the other girls submitted crowns of violets to the blessing pronounced by Fra Domenico, an old hermit, the daughter of Monna Fiamma chanced to see the reflection of her own self in the limpid waters. Her golden hair at once aroused her inherited instinct of coquetry. With a brusque, eager hand, she unloosed the captive, and then, at the sight of the undulating golden wave which enveloped her whole life-thirsty body, Abruccia experienced a shiver of proud voluptuosity.

The sun was about to set. Fra Domenico, tired of waiting longer at the threshold of his hermitage, approached Abruccia, and said in a slightly irritated voice:

"Young girl, this sacred water should never serve as a mirror for vanity. Woman's beauty is only a vain apparition and the perishable garb assumed by flesh for the express purpose of leading us into temptation."

Fra Domenico stepped nearer, and to his horror noticed that the reflection of the cross was no longer visible in the water of the sacred fountain.

Seized with anger, he exclaimed: "Ah, daughter of Satan, St. George and his dragon shall avenge me for the offence you have committed. Your hair shall be accursed."

Since that time, Abruccia was the incarnation of vanity, of pride and of malice. Her hair she regarded as her most valuable possession. Her mother's counsel had lost its influence. Abruccia went her own way. She listened to the proposals of young men with a will-

ing ear. They pleased her, but she was careful to make no false step. She took pride in being virtuous, inaccessible, invulnerable. After playing with them, she repulsed all her would-be lovers.

Shortly afterwards, the Marquis of Montferrat made a visit to his castle at Albenga. His officials had informed him of the marvelous beauty and obstinate virtue of Abruccia. His curiosity was at once awakened. One morning he saw her leaving the cathedral and acknowledged to himself that he had never seen a lovelier and more enticing bit of femininity. The Marquis felt his blood rush wildly through his veins. He determined to win the affections of this wild, haughty, superb-looking girl, cost what it might. She must be his. And the Marquis succeeded. Abruccia felt flattered at his attentions, and at last consented to go at night to the house designated by the Marquis, and well-known by all towns-people for its ignoble character.

Abruccia took infinite precautions not to be seen. She succeeded in reaching the house without any unfortunate meeting. But, upon the oaken door, she saw, cut into the solid wood, and distinctly outlined in the light of the moon, the expressive figure of St. George killing the dragon. The monster, pierced by the lance, opened its cavernous mouth and thrust forth an iron tongue that closed the door. Abruccia trembled at the sight of this, and, for the first time, remembered the words of Fra Domenico.

Suddenly, the door opened, a page appeared, and conducted the young girl, who had regained her usual audacity of spirit, to the impatiently-waiting Marquis. The latter, that night, accomplished his purpose. Abruccia willingly surrendered her treasured virtue.

Before dawn of day, the Marquis made his escape from his house of infamy, and the sleepy page led Abruccia to the door through which she had entered hours before. The little fellow could hardly keep his eyes open, but, while holding the lit candle, he could not refrain from admiring the wonderful golden hair which Abruccia had been unable to arrange, and which wriggled on her back like innumerable red vipers. The young girl heard the page's involuntary cry of admiration, and a proud, sensuous smile trembled in the corners of her little, passion-questioning mouth.

Arriving in the vestibule, the page opened the door. Abruccia put her foot on the first step, when, very unexpectedly, probably on account of the gust of wind which swept through the open door, the light went out. The page let go of the door which his hand had held open for Abruccia, and it shut so quickly that the girl's waving hair was caught and held as in a grip of iron. When Abruccia tried to descend the steps, she felt herself pulled backwards with irresistible violence. She had been made a prisoner. For a moment, Abruccia entertained the hope that the page would liberate her, but she abandoned it when he failed to respond to her cries of anguish and fear. The boy, thinking that Abruccia had left, and overcome with drowsiness, went back to bed. His room being located in a distant part of the house, the girl's screams failed to reach his ears. And so Abruccia was left alone. She soon ceased calling for help, for fear that she might arouse the neighbors. She did not care to expose herself to public gaze, contempt and ridicule. After waiting for some time, she decided to free herself by tearing her hair, but changed her mind again after realizing that it would require many weary hours to complete the task of liberation by the adoption of such a method. Besides, her position did not permit of a turning of the head.

At last day began to break. The sun rose in dazzling splendor. People resumed their daily work and went about in the streets. Poor Abruccia, helpless and sobbing, hid her face in her hands. Her pride had vanished. Despair was invading her fluttering heart. She became seized with the idea that St. George had avenged himself and vindicated the words of Fra Domenico. Her humiliation, shame and punishment were complete. Hot tears trickled through her fingers; she knew that thousands of eyes were riveted upon her, and that people were mocking and criticising her.

At last, somebody possessed of a little pity for the unfortunate, beautiful sinner, stepped up to the door, and with one blow of his knife released the weeping prisoner by severing her golden tresses. And Abruccia, still covering her face with her hands, ran quickly down the street, away from the gaping crowds.

Adapted from the French for the Mirror.

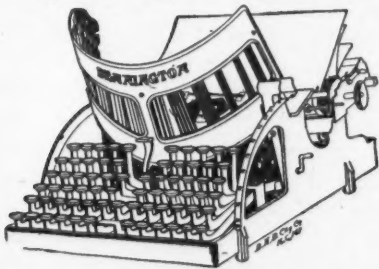
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NEW BOOKS

Clara Morris has made another addition to histrionic literature. "Stage Confidences" is her latest work. It is largely biographical in character, and full of "the absurdities, that are so funny in their telling, though so painful in their happening." In some respects "Stage Confidences" is inferior to "Life on the Stage," but the reader is compensated for any actual or imaginary loss by the light, narrative vein in which the authoress tells of her experience behind the footlights, by many humorous observations in epigrammatic form and by well-needed advice she gives to those who cannot free themselves of the spell of histrionic life and art, and who are dazzled by the glare of the calcium light. On page 167, we read the following pointed remarks about "mashers" and "Johnnies:" "Don't let me say anything more about the masher, and then we'll be quite happy. But, to calm the needless fears of many, let me say at once, the creature is a nuisance, but not a danger. The stealthy, crafty, determined pursuer of the young and honest actress is a product of the imagination. These "Johnnies" who hang about stage doors and send foolish and impertinent notes to the girlhood of the stage are not in love, they are actuated by vanity, pure and simple. These young 'tad-dies,' with hair carefully plastered down, are as like one another as are the peas of one pod—each wishes to be considered a devil of a fellow; but how can that be, unless he is recognized as a fascinator of women, a masher, and the quickest way to obtain that reputation is to be seen supping or driving with pretty actresses." In regard to Tomasso Salvini's *Othello*, Miss Morris says: "Salvini was a delight to eye and ear, and satisfied both imagination and judgment in that first act. Like many people who are much alone, I have the habit of sometimes speaking to myself—a habit I repented of that day, yes, verily I did; for when, at Cyprus, *Othello* entered and fiercely swept into his swarthy arms the pale loveliness of *Desdemona*, 'twas like a tiger's spring upon a lamb. The bluff and honest soldier, the English Shakespeare's *Othello*, was lost in an Italian *Othello*. Passion-choked, his gloating eyes burned with the mere lust of the 'sooty Moor' for that white creature of Venice. It was revolting, and with a shiver I exclaimed: 'Ugh, you splendid brute.' Realizing my fault, I drew quickly back into the shadow of the curtains: but a man's rough voice had answered instantly: 'Make it a beast, ma'am, and I'm with you.' I was cruelly mortified." This latest work of the great emotional actress should prove popular reading. Published by Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, are the publishers of a superbly bound and artistically illustrated volume, bearing the title "The Blue Flower," and containing nine short stories by Henry Van Dyke. In his introduction, the author makes the following explanatory remarks: "You will find here nine stories. Three of them have been printed

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separately. But I wished to bring them into one book, because they seemed to me like parts of the same story—the long story which will not be perfectly told till men learn a new language—the story of the search for happiness, which is life." The first of these charming *contes* furnished the title of the book, and is a liberal translation from the German of Novalis, one of the sweetest and most original mystical dreamers of a century ago. Henry Van Dyke is a thoughtful and talented *litterateur*. There is food for reflection and inspiration in all that he writes. His diction is delightfully limpid and unaffected. His mysticism is neither unintelligibly vague, nor banale. In "Handful of Clay," for instance, we read that "one day the clay was lifted again from its place, and carried into a great church. Its dream was coming true after all. It had a fine part to play in the world. Glorious music flowed over it. It was surrounded with flowers. So it whispered to another vessel of clay, like itself, close beside it, 'Why have they set me here? Why do all the people look towards us?' And the other vessel answered, 'Do you not know? You are carrying a royal sceptre of lilies. Their petals are white as snow, and the heart of them is like pure gold. The people look this way, because the flower is the most wonderful in the world. And the root of it is in your heart.' Then the clay was content, and silently thanked its maker, because, though an earthen vessel, it held so great a treasure." A profound ethical meaning is conveyed in these simple allegorical words. "The Blue Flower" is a book that strongly appeals to readers who can appreciate aristocracy of diction and thought. It should prove an ideal Christmas present. Price, \$1.50.

In view of the practical certainty that the coming session of Congress will witness a revival of the discussion of ship subsidies and of measures looking towards the upbuilding and upkeep of a large fleet of American merchant men, our thanks are due Mr. Winthrop L. Marvin for writing a book dealing with "The American Merchant Marine, its History and Romance from 1620 to 1920." Very appropriately, the work is dedi-

cated to Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, a staunch friend of the American ship and the American sailor. The author takes pains to inform us that he has given twenty years of earnest study to the subject discussed, and also to "the ebb and flow of commerce." It has been his "honest effort to make these pages interesting and informing rather than controversial." The work is comprehensive and furnishes valuable and detailed information in reference to matters historic, economic and sociologic. On page 267, Mr. Marvin quotes Lindsay, the historian of the British marine, as saying that "during the first half of this century the masters of American vessels were, as a rule, greatly superior to those who held similar positions in English ships, arising in some measure from the limited education of the latter, which was not sufficient to qualify them for the higher grades of the merchant-service. American ship-owners required of their master not merely a knowledge of navigation and seamanship, but of commercial pursuits, the nature of exchange, the art of correspondence and a sufficient knowledge of business to qualify them to represent the interests of their employers to advantage with merchants abroad. On all such matters the commanders of the English ships, with the exception of the East India Company, were at this period greatly inferior to the commanders of the United States vessels." The author is in favor of a subsidy policy, but admits that it requires something else besides paternalism in legislation to promote the growth of a merchant fleet. "National aid to shipping by subsidy is potent, but it is not omnipotent." Clear-minded thinkers are no longer in doubt about the viciousness of subsidy payments. They know that the American ship-builder and ship-owner can hold his own in competition with foreign rivals, and that, as our author well says, "the same indomitable spirit which wrought our great railway system, subdued the Western wilderness, and is now driving the surplus output of our industries into all the markets of the world, can win supremacy on the ocean for the United States just as soon as it learns that it is worth while to make the endeavor." The volume under review invites earnest perusal and study, even if the author

advances a few theories which are neither tenable, nor practicable. Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York, are the publishers. Price, \$2.00 net.

"Children of the Frost," by Jack London, is a collection of short stories of adventure and life in the Arctic North. The author has a crisp, terse way of expressing thoughts that are not at all ordinary or trivial. His descriptions of nature are particularly striking. On page 8 we read: "A wedge of wild-fowl honked low overhead and at sight of the encampment veered swiftly to the north into the smouldering sun . . . It was an hour past midnight. The northward clouds flushed bloodily, and rays of sombre-red shot southward, firing the gloomy woods with lurid radiance. The air was in breathless calm, not a needle quivered, and the least sounds of

the camp were distinct and clear as trumpet calls. The Crees and *voyageurs* felt the spirit of it and mumbled in dreamy undertones, and the cook unconsciously subdued the clatter of pot and pan. Somewhere, a child was crying, and from the depths of the forest, like a silver thread, rose a woman's voice in mournful chant." The habits and ideas of Arctic aborigines are well depicted and sympathetically interpreted. "Children of the Frost" furnishes good and instructive entertainment of a

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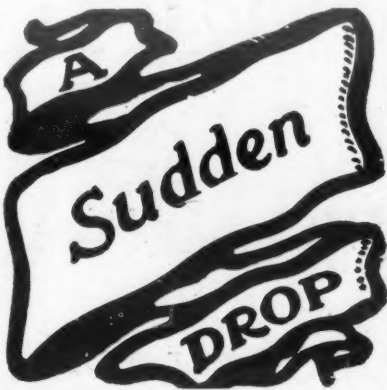
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healthy sort. Published by the Macmillan Co., New York.

"The Beautiful Mrs. Moulton," by Nathaniel Stephenson, is a financial romance of the really strenuous type. It is written in a style that is suffering from an excessive exuberance of fancy that is not sufficiently tempered with discriminative judgment. The author does not appear to be much of a student of human psychology. His notions of character-development, of ethical cause and effect, are unpardonably crude. Yet he possesses technical skill of no mean degree, which even a nasty journaliste cannot obscure. The heroine, *Mrs. Moulton*, is a "glorious piece of flesh," although the "spun-gold of her hair had in it a trace too much of red," and "her eyes, for all their shadowy, violet depth, were restless and discontented." The author seems to be singularly obsessed with the fanciful beauty of *Mrs. Moulton*. At every opportunity he hastens to reveal some new charm to us. There are innumerable passages dwelling upon her "shape," "her fine physique," and "breezy manners." In spite of obvious flaws, however, the story is readable. It is at least on a level with the average product of fiction of the day. Published by John Lane, New York.

"The Talk of the Town," by Elisa Armstrong, is a simple story of marital love and dealing with simple people. It is original neither in conception nor in development, but told in clear, popular, direct style, and succeeds in holding the attention of readers to the end. The troubles of *Jim* and *Maggie* are varied and many. They are quite puzzling and portentous at times, but, towards the close, everything clears up satisfactorily, and *Jim* and *Maggie*, after a lengthy separation and re-marriage, are rendered happier than ever before. D. Appleton & Co., New York, are the publishers. Price, \$1.25 net.

Prof. David Starr Jordan's essay, entitled "The Philosophy of Despair," deserves to be read and digested by everybody who fancies trenchant thought, lapidary expression and analytic, penetrating reflections on the significance of positive philosophy. Prof. Jordan is an original, independent thinker. He is no Laodicean in feeling and utterance. There is force in everything that he says, and an earnestness and logic in his arguments that delight and captivate trained truth-seeking thinkers. His affirmative, masculine philosophy should be welcomed as an effective antidote for that world-weary pessimism which nowadays is so much in vogue and doing such incalculable harm. The essay is published in booklet form, and of superb typography. Published by Paul Elder & Morgan Shepard, San Francisco.

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SOCIETY

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Mr. and Mrs. Duthiel Cabanne have lately returned home, from a short Eastern trip.

Mrs. J. E. Liggett has just purchased the home of Mrs. B. F. Hobart, in Vandeventer place, and will soon take possession.

Mrs. F. G. Niedringhaus formally introduced her daughter, Miss Blanche Niedringhaus, into society at a large luncheon, last Friday afternoon.

Captain and Mrs. Henry Sickel, who have been stationed here for the past year or so, are entertaining their cousin, Miss Ethel McGehee, of New Orleans, La.

Miss Mary Kimball, who has spent the past year in Galveston, Tex., with her mother and sister, has returned to St. Louis and is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Walter B. Douglas.

Mrs. Hugh Murray French will give an afternoon reception on Friday, November 21st, in honor of Mesdames Joseph William Lewis, Silas J. Lewis, Dorsey Jameson and J. W. Folk.

Mrs. Dent Tutt has lately sent out cards for a reception which she will give, the latter part of this week, in honor of her daughter, Miss Edwina Tutt, who is one of the debutantes of the winter.

An elegant reception was given, on Thursday afternoon, by Mrs. Joseph W. Chambers, of 3550 Pine street, to introduce formally into society, the charming debutante, Miss Alecie Chambers.

Mrs. William H. Lee will entertain, next Tuesday evening, in honor of her daughter, Miss Margaret Lee, who is a debutante. A large number of cards have been sent out. Mrs. Caskhall's card is enclosed.

Invitations will be sent out this week, for the large reception and ball which will be given, on the 25th, by Mrs. Francis Beauregard De Aguiar and Miss Susan Leigh Slattery, in honor of their sister, Miss Ruth Carey Slattery.

Mrs. Medford Johnson gave a luncheon, last week, when the engagement of her sister, Miss Amelia Spence, to Mr. Ward Goodloe, was announced. No date has as yet been set for the wedding.

Dr. and Mrs. Thomas W. Carter issued invitations, the early part of the week, for a large evening reception which will be given on Friday, November 28th, in honor of their daughter, Miss Clara Carter, who has but recently been introduced in society.

Mrs. Remy N. Poulin, assisted by Mrs. Ola W. Bell and Mrs. Albert Joseph Poulin, will entertain their friends, this afternoon, with a large reception, from three to five o'clock. A large number of invitations to this function have been issued.

Mrs. O. H. Peckham introduced her friends, on Monday afternoon, to the delights of a musical tea, given in honor of Miss Marie Peckham, who is one of the debutantes of the winter. The function took place at the Odeon between the hours of four and six, several hundred guests being present.

Mrs. George Wesley Winstead has sent out cards for a reception, between the hours of three and five o'clock, on Tuesday afternoon, November 25th. Mrs. Winstead will be assisted by her mother, Mrs. Thomas James Scott, and her sister, Mrs. Arthur Hamilton Woods, of Harriman, Tenn. Mrs. Woods will be remembered as Miss Maza Scott.

Miss Belle Loader and Mr. Alonzo Zabriskie, of New York, were married, on Wednesday evening, at eight o'clock, at St. George's Church, by the Rev Dr. Holland. Miss Matilda Anderson was maid of honor, and Mr. Zabriskie was accompanied by his brother, Mr. Robert Zabriskie, of Orange, N. J., as best man. The four ushers were Messrs. Albert Lerman, Edwin Lee, Edwin Puller and Charles Massa. After the ceremony there was a small reception at the home of the parents of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Loader, of Lindell boulevard,

after which the bridal couple departed for New York.

Miss Cayloma Evans will be married, this evening, to Mr. George Ittner, the ceremony being performed, at the Second Presbyterian Church, by the Rev. Dr. S. L. Niccols, at seven o'clock. The bride will enter with her brother, Mr. Albert Evans, who will give her away, and will be attended by her sister, Miss Martha Evans as maid of honor, and Misses Frances Allison, Nellie Ittner, Bertha Evans and Elizabeth Dyer. Mr. Ittner will have for his best man Mr. John Bauer, and the ushers and groomsmen are to be, Walter Evans, Henry Baker, Charles Senter and Rice Lincoln. After the ceremony there will be a reception at the home of the bride, on Lafayette avenue, after which the bride and groom will leave for a tour of Florida.

At the Cathedral Chapel, on Newstead and Maryland avenues, Miss Katherine Cunningham and Mr. Adolph Germaine Pasquier were married, on Monday evening, in the presence of their immediate relatives and a few friends. The ceremony was performed at six o'clock, by a cousin of the bride, Rev. Father John Cunningham, assisted by Father Reilly, of the Cathedral, and Father Sullivan, of the Jesuits. The bride was given away by her father, and had as her sole attendant, her younger sister, Miss Caroline Cunningham. Mr. Pasquier was accompanied by Mr. Lucien Jones. After the ceremony there was a large reception at the home of the parents of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Cunningham, of West Pine boulevard. The bride and groom left, the same evening, for a honeymoon trip East.

A wedding of Tuesday evening, was that of Miss Effie La Puelle and Mr. Presley Allen, who were married at the Third Baptist Church, at eight o'clock. The bride was attended by her sister, Mrs. Ernest Chapman, as maid of honor, and Misses Lucy Wisdom, of Jackson, Miss. Jane Brown, Sadie Smith, Percle Wellman and Lucy Duncan as bridesmaids. Mr. Allen was accompanied by his brother, Mr. Harry Allen, of Arkadelphia, Ark., as best man. The ushers and groomsmen were Messrs. Paul Balbridge, Russell Clarkson, of Hot Springs, Ark., Gunnar Carlander and Leonidas Gloor. After the ceremony there was given a reception at the home of the parents of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. James La Puelle, of Washington terrace. The bride and groom left, the same evening, for an Eastern tour before going to their future home in Texas.

Miss Louise Garrison Chappell and Mr. Horace Rumsey were married, on Wednesday evening, at the Grand Avenue Presbyterian Church, at a quarter to eight o'clock. Miss Julia Rumsey attended the bride as maid of honor. The bridesmaids were Misses Edwina Tutt, Harriet Fowler, Queen Rumsey and Grace Rhorer. Mr. Rumsey had for his best man Mr. Oliver Garrison. The ushers and groomsmen were Messrs. Mark Anderson, Gunnar Carlander, Mark Ewing, Irwin Hilts, Sterling Foster, Guy Alexander, Earl Robinson and Edward Brookes. There was a large reception at the home of the parents of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop G. Chappell, of 3710 Westminster place, after which the bride and groom left for a bridal tour. They will be located at 3710 Westminster upon their return, when they will receive their friends on Thursdays, January 1st and 8th.

Some Gottingen students who had a keen admiration for Klopstock, the "German Milton," once found one of his stanzas unintelligible, and begged him to explain its exact meaning to them. The poet read the stanza—then carefully re-read it—then read it again, while all looked on with bated breath. At last he spoke: "I can not recollect what I meant when I wrote it, but I do remember that it was one of the finest things I

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MUSIC

OPENING OF THE SEASON.

And now the "melomaniac" has his day. Not a very bright or very long day in St. Louis this time, and not one to disturb, by quantity or quality, the cerebral tissue of even one doomed to hear all the music performed in it.

Mrs. Blair, as usual, first and foremost in matters musical, began the season, in a mild way, last week, by asking a few people to spend "An hour in the Byways of Modern Music."

Mrs. Lillian Apel-Emery and Miss Agnes Gray acted as guides on this excursion. Their principal discovery was an extraordinarily beautiful suite for violin and piano, of which they elucidated and illuminated the rich melodies, bizarre harmonies, and bounding rhythms, in a most appreciative way. Miss Gray draws a virile bow and is unimpeachable as to intonation and execution, and possesses a tone so broad and powerful that its prominence was at no time imperiled, despite the amazonian manipulation of the keyboard by Mrs. Emery.

The remainder of the programme consisted of piano solos of the order of music known as "salon pieces," dignified by Mrs. Emery's skill and taste. Few pianists—none in St. Louis—have the faculty that this pianist possesses, of making much of little. She is almost a specialist in this line and entirely unique in her interpretation of the *bijouterie* of piano literature. Mrs. Emery's playing has inimitable grace, perfection of finish, delicacy of detail and an almost incredible beauty and variety of tone and color. Altogether a delightful pianist of decided individuality and distinction.

THE WIZARD OF OZ.

"Extravaganza" is a vague term that covers a multitude of offences against coherency and good taste, and the fact that "The Wizard of Oz" purports to be an extravaganza and not an opera, to a certain extent, disarms criticism. However, not even under the palliating circumstances, can one be altogether deaf and blind to the verbal and musical horrors and the scenic tawdriness of this vaunted Chicago production.

The man who is responsible for the book and lyrics shall be nameless; nothing so ramblingly imbecile as the "book," and stupidly ancient as the made jokes has been perpetrated on a local stage. As for the music—Paul Tietjens knows better. He shows this by an occasional scholarly sentence, especially in his instrumental introduction. When he tries to write down to the words, he becomes baldly imitative and inexpressibly cheap and commonplace. There is scarcely an original, or even catchy, "tune" in the entire mess.

The production is remarkable chiefly for its hundreds of yards of gaudily painted canvas, the garishness of its many cheap satin and cotton velvet costumes, and the painful absence of anything like a harmonious blending of color-schemes or artistic grouping.

The cast, with three or four exceptions, is on a par with the general mediocrity of the show. Anna Laughlin is pretty, bright and vivacious. Grace Kim-

ball is a subdued and etherialized edition of Eva Tanguay. Montgomery and Stone are clever, and if it were not for their amusing antics and skillful dancing, one might be tempted, *a la* Mary Mc-Lane, to pray: "From 'The Wizard of Oz,' kind devil, deliver us."

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

A word for "The House That Jack Built." Really a wonderfully bright, tuneful effort on the part of Mrs. Jessie L. Gaynor, containing many an original thought, and showing more musicianship than any comic opera of recent date.

The performance at the Odeon, last week, entirely by amateurs, was amazingly clever and spoke volumes for the patience, tact and executive ability of the society women who engineered the affair.

COMING EVENTS.

The Union Musical Club begins its season on Saturday with a song and cello recital by Suzanne Adams and Leo Stern.

The Apollo Club comes next with a remarkably good programme to be sung under the direction of Charles Galloway. At this concert Anton von Rooy will sing, and Maud McCarthy will play violin solos.

Then, hard on the heels of the Apollo Club, comes the Choral Symphony Society with its opening concert, when Raoul Pugno, pianist, will be heard.

Pierre Marteau.

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

There is promise of most excellent entertainment next week at the Olympic Theater, when William H. Crane is to make his reappearance as that rugged philosopher, David Harum. It is almost three years since this estimable actor secured, through Mr. Charles Frohman, the dramatization of Wescott's widely read book, and during the interim he has known the greatest success of his career. Mr. Crane's portrait of Harum is one of the best and most artistic pieces of character portrayal that has been seen in many a day. It is full of light and shade and the bits of sentiment that flit over the surface of the characterization are capably expressed. Mr. Crane's stay will be for a week beginning on Sunday and there will be the usual matinees on Wednesday and Saturday and a special one on Thursday, Thanksgiving Day.

The attraction at the Century Theater, next week, will be David Warfield. Warfield's highly successful engagement, at the Olympic Theater last season, established him firmly in the esteem of St. Louis theater-goers. He will be seen again as Simon Levi, in "The Auctioneer," an impersonation in which he reigns as a comedian, but which has just that little dash of pathos to make it human and convincing. The same superb company and complete production will contribute to the performance.

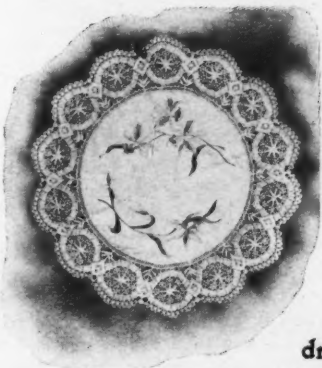
On next Saturday evening, at the Odeon, the Union Musical Club will give its first artists' recital of the season of 1902-1903. The soloists on this occasion are Madame Suzanne Adams, the famous operatic soprano, and Mr. Leo Stern, the cellist. Madame Adams is not alone a celebrated operatic singer, but a woman of the most charming stage-presence, and Mr. Stern has so long shone as a solo performer of the first magnitude that it is only a question of a season or two before he will practically pre-empt the field, so far as American cello soloists are concerned.

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The Club, besides, has chosen wisely in that the programme afforded at such an event as this joint artists' recital is of the most flexible and adaptable kind. There is a pleasant contrast and also a pleasant harmony in the voice-cello combination that appeals very strongly to those who search for real tonal novelty. And, in order to satisfy the specialists, Madame Adams will sing fourteen songs of the most diversified character, Mr. Stern will play eight representative cello soli, and the two artists, besides, will essay four charming duos. A circumstance not to be overlooked is the presence of Mr. Alfred Ernst at the con-

cert in the capacity of accompanist. The ladies in charge of the offering are bending every energy toward making it a success. Their principal desire now is to get as large a representation of their own membership at the concert as possible. A gratifying feature is the sale of the boxes which already betokens a large and fashionable attendance.

Miss Bergere, George Heinemann and Hans Loebel in the leading and difficult roles of the delightful play, "Robert und Bertram," interpreted their lines most pleasingly, and the action throughout was well sustained. Costumes and stage settings were up to their usual standard of excellence. Wednesday evening's four-act comedy, by L'Arronge, "Wolthatige Frauen," was pronounced a decided success. Sunday, the 23rd, will be presented, for the first time in St. Louis, the great comedy success, "Die Goldgrube," by Carl Lauf. Wednesday, the 26th, Herman Sudermann's famous drama, "Johannisfeuer," will be the offering.

Mr. Burton Holmes will give the third of his series of illustrated lectures, at the Odeon, this evening at 8:15, the subject being "Sweden, the Capital, the Country and the Canals." The growing interest manifested in this eminent travelers' "travel-talks" is evidenced by the largely increased attendance as each Thursday brings a new subject. The views with which the lectures are illustrated are exceptionally fine and the motion pictures add to the realistic value of these lectures as an educational factor.

"The Dainty Duchess" organization, at the Standard Theater, this week, is one of the best that has visited this play house this season. The chorus consists of a number of exceptionally pretty girls who sing and dance and frolic in a wholly pleasing manner. The costumes are varicolored and the girls wear them with a degree of "smartness" that is quite charming. "The Duchess at Home" and "Harum Scaram," the two burlesques, were well received. Those in the vaudeville part of the programme deserving of mention are: Nellie Sylvester, Lester and Anger, the Sisters Degraff and the Washburn company. Sam Devere's "Own Company" is underlined for next week.

Best Watches—Mermod & Jaccard's.

THE WORLD'S FAIR EMBLEM

Mr. James J. Hannerty, of St. Louis, has justly earned the title of World's Fair idea artist. One of his earlier designs, entitled "Columbia and History," which was posed for by Marguerita Sylva, in which educational as well as the geographical feature of the Louisiana Purchase is distinctly illustrated, is a work of great artistic merit. Six months ago, the agent of a large Eastern souvenir goods company came to this city to secure the exclusive rights to the official World's Fair emblem. Learning that no award had as yet been made, and that, possibly, a decision might not be reached for some months, the firm entered into negotiations with Mr. Hannerty, who, ultimately, released his rights to this World's Fair design. This emblem is being stamped or painted on all fancy World's Fair souvenir goods by manufacturers in Berlin, Vienna, Paris, Japan and New York. This creation reflects great credit upon the city in which the World's Fair is to be held, as being the home of its designer, and the Eastern firms having the exclusive privilege of its use, will largely advertise the Exposition in celebration of Uncle Sam's splendid purchase in 1803. Mr. Hannerty has amply demonstrated that he is deserving the bestowal of the most flattering encomiums.

Our late importation of Art Nouveau bronzes and electroliers is positively unsurpassed this side of New York. J. Bolland Jewelry Co., southwest corner Locust and Seventh streets.

When Alfred Tennyson appeared in the Oxford Theater to receive his D. C. L. degree, it is said that his disheveled hair and generally negligent state provoked the undergraduates into greeting him with the inquiry: "Did your mother call you early, Alfred, dear?"

Winter tourist rates via Iron Mountain route, on sale October 15th to April 30th, 1903.



MR. C. L. BATES,
Manager Diamond Department.

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DIAMONDS,
PEARLS,
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AND RUBIES

—AT—

F. W. DROSTEN'S
SEVENTH AND PINE STREETS.

Official Statement of the Financial Condition

—OF THE—

LINCOLN TRUST CO.

At St. Louis, State of Missouri, at the Close of Business on the
31st Day of October, 1902.

RESOURCES.

Loans undoubtedly good on collateral security.....	\$2,569,903.73
Loans undoubtedly good on real estate security.....	2,095,695.15
Other negotiable and non-negotiable paper and investment securities at present cash market value.....	30,751.20
Overdrafts by solvent customers.....	2,990.12
Bonds and stocks at present cash market value.....	3,345,438.85
Real estate (company's office building at present cash market value).....	45,074.20
Other real estate at its present cash market value.....	62,748.74
Furniture and fixtures.....	34,000.00
Safety deposit vaults.....	539,711.22
Due from other trust companies and banks, good on sight draft.....	45,074.20
Checks and other cash items.....	62,613.95
Cash on hand (currency, gold, silver and other coin).....	95,684.18
All other resources.....	
Total.....	\$8,904,611.34

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in.....	\$2,000,000.00
Surplus.....	1,500,000.00
Undivided profits, less current expenses and taxes paid.....	174,224.26
Deposits subject to draft at sight by trust companies, banks and bankers.....	
Deposits subject to draft at sight by individuals and others, including demand certificates of deposit.....	2,024,168.02
Time certificates of deposit.....	611,957.69
Savings deposits.....	1,748,224.80
Debentures and real estate mortgage bonds.....	814,200.00
Bills payable.....	31,836.57
All other liabilities.....	
Total.....	\$8,904,611.34
Total liability on surety bonds.....	3,138,357.61

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L. R. Blackmer, Pres. Blackmer & Post Pipe Co.
Chas. R. Blake, Pres. Silgo Iron Store Co.
D. S. Brown, Vice-President Pioneer Co-operative Co.
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C. Marquard Forster, Manager Hyde Park Brewery.

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W. B. Wells, Vice-President Third National Bank.
Thomas Wright, Capitalist.
A. A. B. Woerheide, President of the Company.

THE NEWEST BOOKS.

"The Little White Bird," J. M. Barrie, \$1.20;
"Cecilia," F. Marion Crawford, \$1.20; "The Four Feathers," A. E. W. Mason, \$1.20; "Janet Ward," Margaret E. Sangster, \$1.20; "The Blue Flower," Henry Van Dyke, \$1.20; "Roger Drake," Henry K. Webster, \$1.20; "The Beautiful Mrs. Moulton," Nathaniel Stephenson, \$1.20; "By Order of the Prophet," Alfred H. Henry, \$1.20. Also, a full line of standard and miscellaneous works at
JETT'S BOOK STORE, 806 Olive street,

CHRISTMAS TREES—HOLLY—MISTLETOE
(We pay the express.) Send two cents at once for Historical circulars and price list.
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WOMEN AS KICKERS

The women of America need no advice from anyone on moral questions, as witness what the power of women did in a Southern State campaign against a Congressman who had been proved of unfit character to represent an upright body of people, and later, what women did in a National fight against a Western Congressman who reckoned their power so little that he even attempted to take his seat in Congress in defiance of public opinion. Everybody admits that those two instances represent a fight of two men against the women of America, and who won? That shows what women can do, and it has never been alleged that in either instance any woman went outside of her woman's sphere or was unwomanly in any effort she made in the cause of pure representation and good government.

A senseless and ridiculous system of "kicking" against everything and everybody is not urged. The chronic complainer is a nuisance to himself as well as to his neighbor, although, if he were forced to choose between the chronic "kicker" and the chronic lamb of a citizen who bears all municipal injustices patiently, and who meets all attempts at reform with the watchword, "Don't make a fuss about it," we should choose a kicker. For a chronic kicker, though he may often be too catholic in his efforts, is bound sometimes to kick a goal from the field of a righteous cause. Therefore, while we do not approve of his ubiquitous methods, we boldly claim that even the chronic kicker comes nearer to being the ideal citizen than the meek sheep of a man who bears all imposition without protest.

In the matter of personal rights, nothing uproarious or unsexing need be advocated. A little consideration of the matter and a little quiet and persistent effort in one's own immediate circle of friends is all that is necessary. The American woman uses tact with men as naturally as she breathes. That is the reason she gets everything she wants.

First, be sure of the law on the matter. Never write a letter or utter a public protest until you are sure you are within your rights as bounded by the laws of your State. You will be amazed at the excellence of your laws and ordinances and the criminal laxness of their enforcement.

Most of the things which harass and annoy you could be done away with if you only knew how well you are protected by law. But not enforced, you say? Well, whose fault is it but yours? You have influence. Use it. See to it that deafening noises and foul odors and unhealthful practices are stopped.

But, before you attempt to cast out the mote from the public eye, reflect a little for fear the beam of selfishness is in your own eye. Are you maintaining a public nuisance? Do you practice on your piano before other people are up and after they have gone to bed? Is your husband learning to play the flute? Are your children allowed to run wild and whoop and yell, regardless of the woman who is writing a book in the apartment above you? Do you keep a dog and does he bark with sheer dog spirits and the delight of living, and do you encourage him in it, regardless of the poor spinster within hearing who hates curs?

FOR SALE AT PAR

\$200,000.00

Seven Per Cent Cumulative Preferred Stock

... OF THE ...

C. F. BLANKE TEA & COFFEE CO.,

ST. LOUIS

The capital stock of this Company has recently been increased from **\$300,000.00**, as follows:

Preferred Stock	-	-	-	\$300,000.00
Common Stock	-	-	-	450,000.00
				\$750,000.00

The average net earnings of this Company for four years ending November 1, 1902, as certified to by W. K. Spinney, expert accountant, were \$55,479.00 per year, or more than twice the amount necessary to pay the dividends on the preferred stock. By the extension of the Company's business, due to the increase of capital, these earnings will be largely increased. Subscriptions are payable as follows: 15 per cent cash with subscription, 25 per cent on demand, 30 per cent in 30 days after demand payment, 30 per cent in 60 days after demand payment. For subscription blanks and further information, if desired, address

ALEX. KONTA, Banker and Broker,
EUGENE KARST, Cashier,
 Stock Exchange Building, St. Louis,

Or GERMANIA TRUST CO.,
 Fiscal Agents and Registrars,
 St. Louis.



FOREST KING

SLOW LAUNDRY.

Good Laundry work can only be done by slow process. All fast work damages the Clothing. We do the best work done in this city, and the slowest, we prefer to do no fast work at all.

8,069 Customers Last Month.

Dinks L. Parrish's Laundry,
(Not Incorporated)
 3126 and 3128 Olive Street.

"Lest we forget," we use **CAMP JACKSON SPRING WATER.**

If you do any of these things you are not a good citizen. If your husband does them, and you do not try to influence him to desist, you are not a good citizen. If you are not training your boys and girls in thoughtfulness and consideration to their neighbors and friends; if you do not train them up to stand up for their rights and to demand that when good laws are enacted they shall be enforced by the weight of a persevering public opinion, you are lacking both as a mother and as a good citizen; you are not doing your duty to your children or to your country or to yourself.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

THE NEW EQUIPMENT OF THE

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Was Specially Built for Service
 FROM ST. LOUIS TO

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FINEST LIQUORS.
 THAT'S ALL.

Wedding invitations, in correct forms, at Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust. 100 fine calling cards and engraved copper plate; \$1.50; 100 cards from your plate, \$1.00.

FANCY

Glass Vases

in beautiful iridescent colors and new and unusual shapes

\$1.00 to \$20.00

C. Dorflinger & Sons

3 and 5 W. NINETEENTH STREET
 Cor. of Fifth Avenue NEW YORK.



At a dinner during the Russian intimidation of Turkey Lord Beaconsfield was once seated near an inquisitive hostess, who, after the political situation had been discussed at length, inquired of her distinguished guest in a thrilling whisper: "What are you going to do?" "I am waiting," quietly replied the prime minister of England. "What are you waiting for?" pressed his hostess. "I am waiting for you to pass the mustard," said Beaconsfield, and he placidly continued his dinner.



We claim that our Diamond Stock is unequalled in quality and invite critical examination and comparison. J. Boland Jewelry Co., southwest corner Locust and Seventh streets.

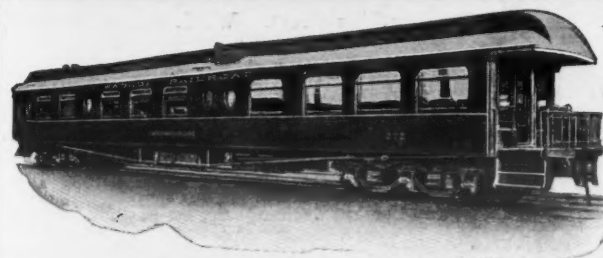
"Of all inventions, the alphabet and printing press alone excepted, those inventions which abridge distance have done most for civilization."
—Macaulay.

MAP OF THE NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES.

A system of 11,126 miles of railway in the populous territory east of Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati, furnishing luxurious and rapid transportation facilities for more than one-half of the entire population of the United States.

Details of rates and trains given by any New York Central ticket agent.

A copy of "America's Winter Resorts," will be sent free, on receipt of a two-cent stamp, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, Grand Central Station, New York.



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THE **Banner Route** TO ALL IMPORTANT CITIES.

It has its own rails between **ST. LOUIS, KANSAS CITY, OMAHA, DES MOINES, TOLEDO, DETROIT, NIAGARA FALLS and BUFFALO,**

All through car lines to **DENVER, NEW YORK and BOSTON.**

LUXURIOUS PARLOR, SLEEPING, DINING, OBSERVATION-CAFE AND CHAIR CARS COMPOSE ITS TRAINS.

CENTURY

THIS WEEK,
ADOLF PHILIPP
IN
"New York in
Wort und Bild"
Regular Mat. Saturday.

NEXT SUNDAY,
DAVID WARFIELD
IN
The Auctioneer
Mats. Thurs. and Sat.
Reserved Seats Thurs.

OLYMPIC

THIS WEEK,
**The Wizard
of Oz.**
The musical production
with Montgomery
and Stone.
Regular Mat. Saturday.

NEXT SUNDAY,
WM. H. CRANE,
IN
David Harum
Mats. Wed. Thurs. Sat.
Reserved Seats Thurs.

ODEON—To-night at 8 BURTON HOLMES

LECTURES.
MAGNIFICENTLY COLORED VIEWS
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FOURTEENTH AND LOCUST.
Heinemann and Weib Managers.
SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 23rd, 1902.
The Greatest Comedy Success on all the
German Stages, for the first time
in St. Louis,
"DIE GOLDGRUBE!"
Comedy in Three Acts by Carl Lauf.
WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 26th, 1902,
New! New! Herman Sudermann's Great Drama
"JOHANNESFEUER."
Box Office open from 9 a m to 6 p m. Phone
Kin. C. 875.

THE STANDARD

THIS WEEK,

Weber's Dainty Duchess.

NEXT WEEK,

Sam Devere's Own Company

THE STOCK MARKET

There seems to be a bad feeling among Wall street leaders at the present time. All sorts of charges of bad faith are being made by those who were forced to drop their stocks, in the last week, at big losses. The friends of Keene, Gates and the Rockefellers are especially bitter in their imprecations, and have, apparently, come to the conclusion that the "slump" was due to nothing else but shrewd manipulation on the part of the mighty ones. This shows once more how foolish the average Wall street man can be at times. In spite of all warnings which he heard and read ever since last July, he cannot get rid of the idea that it is the action of certain unscrupulous individuals, and not legitimate financial conditions, which brought about the reaction in the entire list. It will require a good many more hard knocks to teach the shallow-minded trader that things have changed; that the leading stocks have seen top for a while, and that prevailing monetary conditions are utterly opposed to a resumption of bull activity for months to come.

The bears are, of course, in high glee. They have piled up the "dough," of late, and are possessed of sufficient means and courage to make things still more interesting for sorrowing bulls. The bear-money has all been made by insiders, and those closely connected with them. The public has never taken kindly to short sales, for good and sufficient reasons. It looks easy to sell stocks you do not own, but there are some serious difficulties connected with the operation. First of all, the average outsider never has any intelligent idea of the value of a stock, or, if he has, it is, as a rule, impossible for him to take proper account of the amount of stock afloat. Some years ago, Tennessee Coal & Iron rose from 50 to 126, not because it was entitled to such a big advance, but simply because too many fellows had been selling it short by the ream at the low level. Nearly all of them covered at about 100. After the stock had sold at 126, and receded once more to 90, previous short sellers turned around and thought to be doing the smart thing by buying the stock for a rise. Of course, the price at once wavered and has been wavering and dropping ever since. Insiders had succeeded in fooling the outsider both ways. There are a good many stocks on the list at the present time which are exorbitantly inflated, and which are able to maintain their level simply because insiders control the amount of shares afloat and are running for everybody that has the "nerve" to go short. Intrinsic merits alone do not make quotations. Syndicate operations and bear sales must also be taken into consideration by those who are anxious to ascertain whether a certain stock is a purchase or a sale. It was not legitimate merit, but short sales which lifted Tennessee Coal & Iron to 126, and it will reach that level again as soon as former conditions have again come into existence.

The collapse of the pool in Southern Pacific has been lengthily discussed in the newspapers. Yet it does not seem that the break in these shares reached greater dimensions than that in St. Paul, Louisville & Nashville, Reading, Dela-

ware & Hudson, New York Central and some other notable instances. After the collapse has occurred, it is an easy matter to advance explanations. How well-informed press correspondents now are about things of which they pretended to be supremely ignorant, a few weeks ago! The Associated Press is now in position to disclose the greatest secrets of all the prominent men of Wall street. We are given detailed information about the standing and views of Morgan, Gates, Harriman and Vanderbilt. Gates, it is alleged, lost many millions. Every lost dollar has been traced by shrewd reporters. Another "slump" will no doubt result in reducing Gates to a condition of the most abject poverty.

It has been ever thus. Everybody knows how it all happened, after the job is completed. There are plenty of wise-acsers these days who deeply sympathize with the fleeced "sucker," and tell him that they could have foretold the crash many weeks ago. Nothing is more readily obtainable in Wall street than sympathy and advice that does not cost anything and that does not mean anything. The stock "tipster" never hesitates to give you "inside information." He always has it "straight." His information is prodigious, overwhelming. There is nothing that is obscure to him. And yet, notwithstanding all his wonderful knowledge, he himself never manages to scrape a respectable fortune together. The "tipster" never develops into anything more than a "tipster." He that pretends to be in the counsels of the mighty and to be able to teach others how to win fortunes is always at his wits' end trying to make his income balance with his expenses.

There is still fear of further financial trouble. Money rates remain stiff, and sterling exchange refuses to budge from its dizzy position. Heroic efforts are undoubtedly making to prevent shipments of gold. New York bankers profess to see some encouragement in signs of a return-flow of currency from the interior and also assert that the late liquidation has clarified the speculative atmosphere and given the market a stronger foundation. The bank failure in Boston does not receive much attention. The cautious observer should not overlook it, however, for it is a sign of the times, and indicates that there are financial institutions that have been absorbing an indigestible amount of untried securities, and which they will have extreme trouble to dispose of when the pinch comes. Taking the situation as a whole, it cannot be said that it is an encouraging or a sound one. At times, it looks as if the foundations of prosperity were slowly crumbling away.

However, it should be borne in mind that stocks have had a sharp break; that weak fellows have been forced to let go, and that there must be a good many short contracts outstanding. The knockers are liable to overdo their business. On general principles, the market should be a purchase for several points' profit. It is not inviting to small traders, however. Margin, "nerve" and patience must be ample these days. If you cannot afford to lose, stay out of speculation altogether. It is better to forego profits for a while than to assume unwarrantable risks.

THE FOURTH NATIONAL BANK

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT DEPOSITORY.

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LOCAL SECURITIES.

Considering the crash in New York lately, local stocks, and bonds have been maintaining their level fairly well. Holders have not lost their confidence in higher prices, and are unwilling to sell at present prices. There is no buying enthusiasm, however. The disturbances in the money market seem to have had an intimidating effect on would-be purchasers. So far as St. Louis business conditions are concerned, everything is lovely. There is no weak spot anywhere. Earnings are large and activity is assured for many months to come. The banks are in

prime condition and anxious to accommodate their customers on reasonable terms. The temporary lull in speculation should prove of benefit all around. It will reveal the strength and merits of securities and allow the banks to husband their resources at a time when things in the East do not look very inspiring. After a while, when the clouds have rolled by, the bull may resume business at the old stand and advance his favorite shares to the level to which he thinks they are entitled. In view of the fact that prices have hardly undergone any change in the past week, it would be use-

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Kilroe
Lacled
Merch
Merch
Missou
St. Lou
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St. Lou
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St. Louis Union Trust Co.

Capital, Surplus and Profits,

\$9,000,000.00.

Interest Allowed on Deposits.

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BOND AND STOCK COMPANY.

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CITY OF ST. LOUIS BONDS.

	Coup.	When Due.	Quoted.
Gas Co. (Gld) 4	J D	June 1, 1905	102 1/2-103
Park 6	A O	April 1, 1905	109 -110
Property (cur) 6	A O	April 10, 1906	10 -111
Renewal (gld) 3.65	J D	June 25, 1907	101 1/2-101 3/4
" 4	A O	April 10, 1908	104 -105 1/2
" 3 1/2	J D	Dec. 1907	102 1/2-103
" 3 1/2	J J	July 1, 1918	111 -112
" 3 1/2	F A	Aug 1, 1919	104 -105
" 3 1/2	M S	June 2, 1920	104 -106
" ster. \$1000	M S	Nov 2, 1911	107 -108
" (gld) 4	M N	Nov 1, 1912	107 1/2-108 1/2
" 4	A O	Oct 1, 1913	107 1/2-110
" 4	J D	June 1, 1914	109 -110
" 3.65	M N	May 1, 1915	104 -105
" 3 1/2	F A	Aug 1, 1916	102 1/2-103
World's Fair 3 1/2	A O	Apr 1, 1902	100 1/2-101

Interest to seller.
Total debt about \$23,856,277
Assessment 352,521,650

St. JOSEPH, MO.,	F A	Aug 1, 1903	104 1/2-105 1/2
Funding 6	F A	Feb 1, 1921	102 -104
School Lib. 4s 10-20	J D	June, 1920	104 -106
" 4	A O	Apr 1, 1914	104 -106
" 4 10-20	M S	Mar 1, 1918	102 -103
" 4 10-20	M S	Mar 1, 1918	103 -105
" 4 15-20	M S	Mar 1, 1918	104 -105
" 4 10-20	M S	Mar 1, 1918	105 -106
" 4 10-20	J D	July 1, 1919	105 -107
" 4 10-20	J D	June 1, 1920	104 -106
" 3 1/2	J J	July 1, 1921	101 -103

MISCELLANEOUS BONDS.

	Wh'n Due.	Price.
Alton Bridge 5s	1913	82 -84
Carondelet Gas 6s	1902	100 -101
Century B ilding 1st 6s	1916	107 -109
Century Building 2d 6s	1917	107 -109
Commercial Bldg 1st 6s	1907	104 -106
Consolidated Coal 6s	1911	100 -101
Hydraulic Press Brick 5s 5-10	1904	99 -101 1/2
Kinloch Tel Co. 6s 1st mort.	1928	108 -109
Laclede Gas 1st 5s	1919	107 -109
Merchants Bridge 1st mort 6s	1929	115 -116
Merch Bridge and Terminal 5s	1930	112 1/2-113
Mo Electric Lt 2d 6s	1921	115 -116
Missouri Edison 1st mort 5s	1927	87 -89
St. Louis Agri. & M. A. 1st 5s	1906	100 -
St. Louis Brewing Ass'n 6s	1914	94 -94 1/2
St. Louis Exposition 1st 6s	1912	90 -100
St. L. Troy & Eastern Ry 6s	1919	102 -102 1/2
Union Trust Building 1st 6s	1913	101 1/2-105
Union Trust Building 2d 6s	1908	75 -80

BANK STOCKS.

	Par val	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Exch.	\$50	Oct. '02, 2 Q	325 -330
Boatmen's	100	June '02, 3 1/2 SA	246 -247
Bremen Sav.	100	July, '02, 8 SA	325 -350
Fourth National	100	Nov. '02, 5 SA	351 -353
Franklin	100	June, '02, 4 SA	190 -200
German Savings	100	July, '02, 6 SA	395 -400
German-Amer.	100	July, '02, 20 SA	450 -1000
International	100	Sept. '02, 1 1/2 Q	175 -195
Jefferson	100	Oct. '02, 3 Q	230 -235
Lafayette	100	July, '02, 10 SA	525 -575
Manchester Bk	100		135 -
Mechanics Nat.	100	Oct. '02, 2 1/2 Q	290 -295
Merch.-Laclede	100	Sept. '02, 2 Q	303 -305
Northwestern	100	July, '02, 4 SA	80 -195
Nat. Bank Com.	100	Oct. '02, 2 1/2 Q	390 -393
South Side	100	Nov. '02, 3 SA	141 -145
Southern com.	100	July, '02, 3 SA	120 -130
State National	100	June, '02, 3 SA	205 -210
Third National	100	Oct. '02, 2 Q	334 -336
Vaudeville Bk.	100		110 -120

*Quoted 100 for par.

TRUST STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Am. Cen. Tr. Co.	100		169 1/2-170
Colonial	100		16 -201
Com'nw'th T. Co.	100	Oct. '02, 2 Q	312 -315
Lincoln	100	Oct. '02, 2 Q	245 -250
Miss. Valley	100	Oct. '02, 3 Q	450 -455
St. Louis Union	100	Oct. '02, 2 1/2 Q	379 -382
Title Trust	100	Oct. '02, 1 1/2 Q	105 -110
Mercantile	100	Nov. '02, 1 Mo	410 -414
Missouri Trust	100		126 -127
Ger. Trust Co.	100		222 -223

STREET RAILWAY STOCKS AND BONDS.

	Coupons.	Price.
Cass Av. & F. G.	J & J	1912 101 -102
10-20s 5s	J & J	1907 108 -109
Citizens' 20s 6s	Dec. '88	
Jefferson Ave.	M & N	1905 105 -107
1st 5s	F & A	1911 107 -108
Lindell 20s 5s	J & J	1913 115 -116
Comp. Helg'ts U. D. 6s	J & J	1913 115 -116
do Taylor Ave. 6s	M & N	1896 105 -106
Mo 1st Mtg 5s 5-10s	M & N	1910 100 1/2-101
St. Louis 1st 5s 5-20s	M & N	1910 100 1/2-101
do Baden-St. L. 5s	J & J	1913 102 -103
St. L. & Sub.		75 -80
do Con. 5s	F & A	1921 104 -105
do Cable & Wt. 6s	M & N	1 14 117 -120
do Meramec Rv. 6s	M & N	1916 112 -113
do Incomes 5s		1 14 92 -97
Southern 1st 6s	M & N	1904 102 -103
do 2d 25s 6s		1909 106 -107
do Gen. Mtg. 5s	F & A	1916 107 -108
U. D. 25s 6s	J & D	1918 120 1/2-121
R. St. Louis & Sub.	A & O	1932 96 1/2-97
R. St. Louis & Sub.	J & J	1925 103 -107
do 1st 6s		82 -82 1/2
United Ry's Pfd.	Sept. '02, 1 1/2	84 1/2-85 1/2
4 p. c. 50s	J & J	27 1/2-28
St. Louis Transit.		

INSURANCE STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Cent.	100	July '02, 4 p. c.	275 -278

MISCELLANEOUS STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Am. Car. Fdry Co	100	Sept. '02, 1 1/2 Q	31 -34
" pfd	100	Sept. '02, 1 1/2 Q	88 -90
Bell Telephone	100	Sept. '02, 2 Q	170 -180
Bonne Terre F.C.	100	May, '96, 2	3 -4
Central Lead Co.	100	Nov. '02, 1 1/2 Mo	128 -135
Cen. Coal & C. com.	100	Sept. '02, 1 1/2 Q	65 -65 1/2
" pfd	100	Sept. '02, 1 1/2 Q	
Consol. Coal.	10	Jan. '02, 1	21 -22
Doe Run Min. Co.	10	Nov. '02, 1 1/2 Mo	132 -138
Granite Bi-Metal	100		125 -130
Hydraulic P. B. Co.	100		93 -98
Kennard com.	100	Aug. '02, 10 A	110 -115
Kennard pfd	100	Aug. '02, 3 1/2 SA	116 1/2-120
Laclede Gas com.	100	Sept. '02, 2	87 -90
Laclede Gas pfd.	100	June '02, 2 1/2 SA	107 -108
Mo. Edison pfd.	100		40 -41
Mo. Edison com.	100		16 -16 1/2
Nat. Stock Yards	100	Sept. '02, 1 1/2 Q	100 -101
Schultz Belting	100	Sept. '02, 2 Q	97 -100
Simmons Hdw Co	100	Mar. '02, 6 A	158 -162
Simmons do pfd.	100	Sept. '02, 3 1/2 SA	143 -144
Simmons do 2 p.	100	Sept. '02, 4 SA	137 -142
St. Joseph L. Co.	10	Sept. '02, 1 1/2 Q	22 -23
St. L. Brew. pfd	10	Jan. '00, 2	66 -68
St. L. Brew. com	10	Jan. '99, 4	41 -42
St. L. Cot. Comp	100		48 -50
St. L. Transfer Co	100	Aug. '02, 1 Q	78 -82
Union Dairy	100	Nov. '02, 2 Q	135 -150
Westhaus Brake	50	Sept. '02, 7 1/2	160 -200
" Coupler	100		40 -48

less to indulge in lengthy comments. New York drafts are at par, and sterling exchange is steady at 4.87 1/2.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

J. J. G., De Soto, Mo.—There is little speculation in Union Pacific preferred. True, it is a safe 4 per cent dividend payer, but it is hardly worth more than 90, when Atchison 5 per cent preferred may be bought at 98. The common is highly speculative. Would not buy it at present.

"Lamb."—Stay out of Pacific Mail. It may, as you say, look cheap, but the trouble is that there is no special reason why it should go higher. It has always been a football of gamblers. Cannot advise purchases of National Lead. The management is not well thought of.

A. B. C., Frankfort, Ky.—Can't see any reason to be bullish on Southern common. The stock seems to be selling at its proper level. Central of Georgia 1st 5s are a good investment, but have had an extensive rise in the last three years. Don't see any inducement to "load up" with third income 4s.

"Atchison."—Suppose you mean the common. Would not care to buy it at present, except for a "scalp" of a few points. There is considerable doubt regarding the ability of the Atchison company to maintain its expenditures upon the prevailing low basis.

"Lobster." Keokuk, Ia.—Don't fool with Illinois Central. It is no margin-stock for you, although it is a good investment for "keeps." Iowa Central common is not cheap at current quotations. Duluth, S. S. & A. common is absurdly high. It is hardly worth the paper it is printed on. Don't pay any attention to consolidation talk.

J. P. M., Carroll, Ia.—Sell Rock Island common every time it goes up several points. Steel common should be a sale at price named, but would recommend bigger margin. You must guide yourself by general market and money developments.

M. C. M.—Have no personal knowledge of concern mentioned. Reported to be strong, however. You will have to exercise your own judgment and a great deal of caution. Investments of this kind are very risky.

A LETTER FROM HAYTI

In the July 3rd, 1902, number of the MIRROR appeared an editorial item containing a severe arraignment of the present topsy-turvy state of affairs of Hayti, and laying stress upon the necessity which the United States is under to restore order and peace upon the island. Incidentally, the question was raised whether the people of Hayti are capable of governing themselves. This item was reprinted and discussed in *l'Etendard*, a paper published at Port-au-Prince, and attracted the attention of Bishop James Theodore Holly, of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Hayti. This reverend gentleman has seen fit to send us a long letter, from which we give the following extracts:

"I have just seen the French translation of an article which appeared in

your issue of July 3rd ult. on 'the limits of the Monroe Doctrine,' prompted by the intestine political strife which is now disturbing the internal peace of Hayti.

"Let me briefly sum up here what will be set down to their (Haytians) credit by every true-hearted American patriot:

"The free black men of Hayti, while still colonists of France, volunteered to fight in the American Revolutionary War, and particularly distinguished themselves in the battle of Savannah, Ga., on October 7th, 1779.

"The Haytians were the first people in the New World to imitate the people of the United States, in throwing off the yoke of European domination, and after a bloody and hard-fought struggle, they broke the chains from the limbs of 500,000 slaves, who thereby emancipated themselves, and at the same time they established the second and sovereign nation of the New World, without any outside help from any quarter—a gigantic feat that is the unique and solitary prodigy of all human history. Hence the Haytians, having aided in the struggle for independence in the United States, but the American people had behind them seventeen centuries of English civilization and Christianity which they inherited, whereas the Haytian people had behind them three centuries of chattel slavery under Spanish and French taskmasters, and twenty-five centuries of African barbarism as their inheritance.

"An article from me was published last February in several papers of the Hearst syndicate, showing that under the auspices of the United States an independent confederation of all the islands of the West Indies might be eventually formed down here."

Bishop Holly, incidentally to writing the above historical statements, calls attention to the needs of the Episcopal Church in Hayti and asks for subscriptions to carry on the work of that organization. Subscribers to the fund should address him at Port-au-Prince, Hayti.

Diamond and combination rings in great variety at prices as low as possible for high quality. J Bolland Jewelry Co., southwest corner Locust and Seventh streets.

"Look at Miss Gaswell as she sits on the sand in her bathing-suit," exclaimed a Pittsburger at Atlantic City; "she is pretty enough to eat." "That's what she is," assented his hearer; "she is a regular sandwich."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Fine Diamonds—Mermod & Jaccard's.

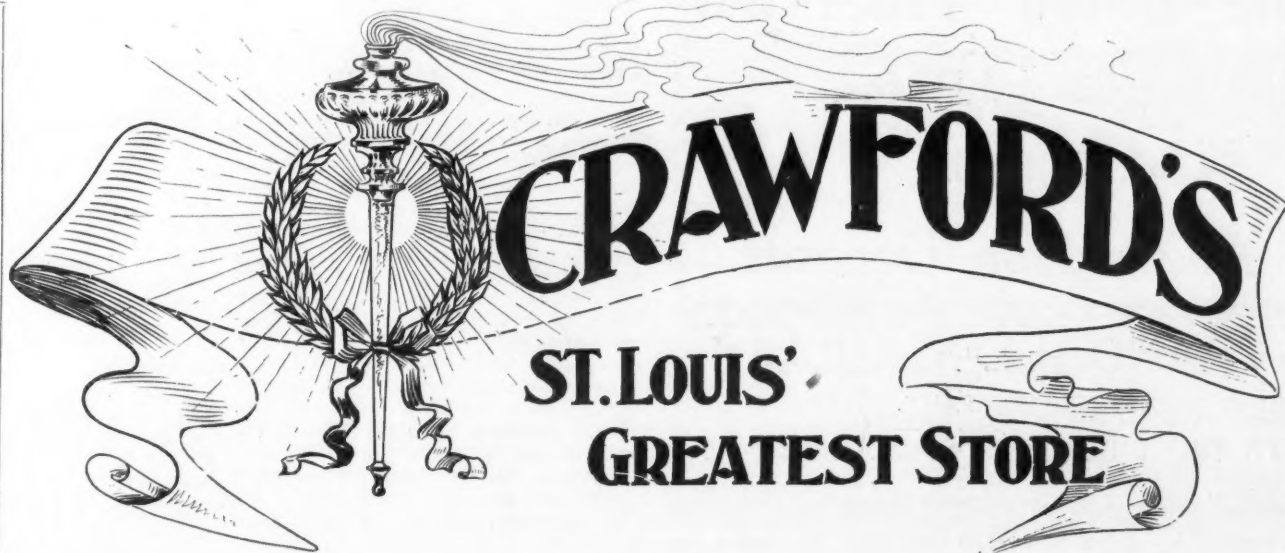
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Safe Deposit Boxes for rent in burglar-proof chrome steel vault protected by jacket of steel railroad rails. Entrance on main floor.

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N. W. COR. FOURTH AND PINE STREETS.

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Eternal
City,
BY
CAINE,
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Pasha
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Parker,
\$1.08

The time has come for the supplying of your Winter Wants, and, for a fact, we know of no store, here or elsewhere, better able to do so than this one!! SEEK NO FARTHER!



THANKSGIVING OFFERINGS IN

FLANNELETTE UNDERWEAR...

Second Floor.

In Muslin Underwear Department.

- Women's Dressing Sacques, made of All-Wool Eider-down, collar trimmed with black braid, colors red, gray, blue or pink, worth \$1.50—special price.....\$1.00
- Women's Flannelette Gowns, pink or blue stripes, made full width and length, actual value 69c—now.....50c
- Women's Colored Petticoats, made of fine quality sateen, lined throughout, slightly dust-soiled, were \$2.00, \$2.25, \$2.50—now.....\$1.00

Ribbons.

Still they go. Another week of heavy selling in our Ribbon Department. Odd remnants of Ribbons left over to be closed out this week at your own prices.

- Another lot of remnants of 1 yard and 1 1-4 yard lengths plain and fancy ribbons, wide and narrow widths of plain Taffeta, fancy and Liberty Satin ribbons worth from 25c to 40c per yard, to close the remnant.....15c
- Full line of Shaded Pillow Ribbons in all colors; this week, per yard.....25c
- All of our 3, 4 and 5-inch fancy Ribbon, the regular 25c kind; this week, per yard12½c

Handkerchief Specials.

- Ladies' Hand Embroidered Initial Handkerchiefs, also plain white, all linen hemstitched, each5c
- Men's Hand Embroidered Initial Handkerchiefs, regular price 15c; each at.....10c
- A new lot of Men's Fancy Bordered Handkerchiefs, for pillow tops; each at10c

Men's Underwear.

- Men's Extra Heavy Ribbed Fleece-Lined Shirts and Drawers, in brown and ecru, our 50c garments—Reduced to.....43c
- Men's Fine Medium weight Cassimere Shirts and Drawers, in brown and ecru; our 60c garments—Our Price.....50c
- Special Sale of the genuine WRIGHT'S Wool Fleece Health Underwear, not sold in a store in St. Louis for less than \$1.00—Our Special Price.....89c

Boys' Shoe Bargains.



"CHEAP"—that is, poor—shoes are an abomination for boys. It's a continual buy, buy every two weeks—your pocket-book never gets a rest. Is this your case? If so, we want to see you, or rather you want to see us. We have purchased the entire surplus stock of New England's Greatest Boy Shoe Factory for 30 per cent spot cash discount. We divide them in three lots.

- AT \$1.25—Good heavy calf skin, solid leather soles, solid heels, solid counters; sizes 1 to 5 1-2. Regular \$1.75 grade.
- AT \$1.48—Box calf and casco calf, broad extension soles, solid oak soles; sizes 1 to 5 1-2. Regular \$2.00 grade.
- AT \$1.98—Patent leather, enamel leather, box calf and kangaroo; Goodyear welt; sizes 1 to 5 1-2. Regular \$2.50 value.

A Guaranteed Saving of 50c a pair.

D. CRAWFORD & CO., Washington Ave. and Sixth St.

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The Mirror

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In the Fall and Winter months, as the tide of travel sets Southward, one naturally feels some interest in the selection of a quick and comfortable route. The



Operates Fast Limited Trains to the prominent business centers of Oklahoma and Texas—trains lighted by electricity, and provided with Cafe Observation Cars, under the management of Fred Harvey.

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A STRICTLY MODERN TRAIN WITH THROUGH SLEEPERS TO ALL IMPORTANT
TEXAS CITIES AND TO THE CITY OF MEXICO.